

24: BLACKOUT - Complete Series Bible
(24-Hour Limited Event) Version 9.0

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Based on the TV series 24

February 20th, 2026

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Premise:

The Eclipse Order, a doomsday cult masking a cyberattack with Bitcoin mining, plans to unleash Gridfall, an AI worm to blackout global power grids, framed as a Russian hack to spark US-Russia WWII.

Billionaire Harlan Voss, code-named "Odin", funds the cult from his "Valhalla" bunker to crash markets and dominate post-apocalyptic New Zealand or profit from arms sales. His Northern English accent amplifies his menace.

Cult leader Andrew Tyrell drives Gridfall's anti-technology ideology.

Marie Warner, a Season 2 returnee who faked her death, acts as Voss's liaison, manipulating KST analyst Kahu Rangi for his daughter Aroha's US hospital treatment.

Jack Bauer, post-Russian imprisonment (24: Live Another Day), teams with KST (Kiwi Shield Taskforce) director Elena Voss (Harlan's estranged daughter), Maori operative Tane Ropata, tech genius Chloe O'Brian (in NZ post-tragedy), and Kahu, a KST cyber analyst.

Action spans Auckland, Muriwai, Bethell's Beach, Riverhead, Albany, Rotoma, Whakatāne, Wellington, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin and Queenstown.

Main Cast (includes suggested actors for new characters):

Jack Bauer (Kiefer Sutherland): CTU veteran, relentless, scarred by imprisonment in Russia.

Tane Ropata (James Rolleston): Maori KST agent, taiaha-wielding, iwi ties, cultural anchor.

Elena Voss (Lucy Lawless): KST director, Harlan's daughter, Hana's mother, Xena-like warrior attitude.

Hana Voss (Chelsie Preston Crayford): 32 years old, Wellington college instructor (cybersecurity ethics)

Chloe O'Brian (Mary Lynn Rajskub): Former CTU tech genius, starting new life in NZ after losing Morris and Prescott, supports remotely.

Kahu Rangi (Taika Waititi): KST cyber-analyst, has daughter in L.A. children's hospital.

Harlan Voss (Sean Bean): Billionaire villain, "Odin," funds WWII scheme from "Valhalla."

Andrew Tyrell (Joel Tolbeck): Kiwi born, Ex-Silicon Valley cult leader, preaches Gridfall.

Marie Warner (Laura Harris): Season 2 returnee, faked death, Voss's liaison, manipulates Kahu.

New Zealand Prime Minister Simon Caldwell (Michael Hurst): Current leader of New Zealand, supplies NZ military help for KSTs ops.

Notable appearances:

US President Brian Hastings (Mykelti Williamson): Former Director of CTU's New York Office, former US Senator, Current President of the United States.

Russian President Dmitry Volkov (Mads Mikkelsen): Current President of Russia, former diplomat to New Zealand.

National Security Advisor Dr. Leonard Gilmartin (Ed Begley Jr.): Advisor to the President on national security matters.

NSA Director Gabby Bard (Renee O'Connor): Oversees NSA, advises the President on intelligence matters, old friend of Elena Voss.

Special appearances:

Read to find out.

Settings:

Auckland: KST HQ (glass-walled, Waitemata Harbour view), Sky Tower, Auckland Harbour Bridge, The Strand, Tamaki Drive, port safehouse, RNZAF Whenuapai.

Muriwai/Bethells Beach: Eclipse Order compound (palisades, watchtowers), Te Henga Walking Trail, sea caves.

Riverhead: Bitcoin farm, Riverhead Forest

Albany: Dairy shop

Rotoma: Cult owned farm

Whakatāne: Marae (hostage crisis).

Wellington: KST Wellington office, Beehive (Parliament's Executive Wing), Hana's college.

Blenheim: Marie's vineyard safehouse, Spring Creek Kiwi Rail freight yard.

Christchurch: KST sub-office

Dunedin: Gridfall uplink at safehouse sending false intel

Queenstown: "Valhalla" bunker (geothermal, gold-plated servers, Lake Wakatipu).

Washington DC: Oval Office, Situation Room

Moscow: Kremlin

Other: SH1 (road chases), Marlborough Sounds (ferry attack), Rotoma farm.

Key Themes:

NZ Heroism: NZ's isolation, Maori culture, and KST ingenuity avert global disaster.

Family and Betrayal: Elena vs. Harlan, Hana's kidnapping, Kahu's arc echo 24 stakes.

Cultural Sanctity: Marae crisis, Iwi haka, karakia highlight Maori identity.

Global Stakes: Gridfall's WWIII threat, tied to Voss's market manipulation.

Cinematic NZ: Solstice light (sun arcs right-to-left), iconic locations, split-screen action.

Logistical Notes:

Timeline: Real-time, December 20-21 (NZ summer solstice, sunrise ~5:43 AM, sunset ~8:28 PM).

Cultural Accuracy: Maori elements (taiaha, haka, karakia, tapu, tikanga) are respectfully integrated.

Split-Screen: Used for drone attacks, chases, NORAD tension, etc.

Cultural Notes:

Marae Scenes: If using a real marae for the scenes in Hour 12 causes cultural concerns for the Maori, a marae could be recreated on a soundstage using green screen and CGI, with Maori input for the design, in order to side-step any cultural sensitivities about using a real location.

PTSD Warning:

The geopolitical scenario depicted in Hour 24 of this series bible could trigger PTSD in readers or viewers similar to "The Day After" (ABC, 1983) or Threads (BBC, 1984). A PSA may have to be aired before this episode because of the current and timely geopolitical climate of countries testing nuclear missiles and the resumption of nuclear testing.

Format:

Each hour is a separate scriptment that can be easily expanded into 45 to 60 page scripts with dialogue, scene and minor subplot additions and expansions.

The entire series bible can be read like a mini-novel with each hour being a chapter.

Hour 1 (6:00 AM - 7:00 AM NZT)

Settings: Auckland International Airport, Auckland (KST HQ, Sky Tower), sunrise ~5:43 AM, sun arcs right-to-left, Eclipse Order cult compound

Plot: A QANTAS A330 touches down hard on rain-slick tarmac at Auckland International. Reverse-thrust engines HOWL.

Split-screen:

- Landing lights carve tunnels through the dawn mist.
- Dawn's first orange light bleeds across the horizon, silhouetting distant volcanic cones.
- Other planes queue on the taxiway.
- Navigation lights blink like slow fireflies.

Inside the terminal, JACK BAUER (50s, weathered, eyes like flint) moves through the empty lane. No luggage. Just a black duffel and a KST-embossed folder.

The lane is eerily quiet - only the distant rumble of baggage carts and the faint smell of jet fuel.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
(cheerful Kiwi accent)
G'day, Mr. Bauer. Welcome to
Aotearoa. Business or pleasure?

Jack slides the folder across the counter without a word. The officer's smile fades as he scans the diplomatic seal.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Right. Director Voss has a chopper on
the tarmac. Gate 42. Follow the
signs.

Jack nods, already moving - boots echoing on polished concrete.

A matte-black KST HELICOPTER idles on a remote pad, rotors WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP, kicking up spray from overnight rain.

The PILOT, Maori, 40s, ex-RNZAF, salt-and-pepper buzzcut, moko tattoo on chin, waves Jack aboard.

PILOT
Hop in, mate. Traffic's murder this
time of morning.

Jack throws his duffel in the back, straps in. The chopper lifts immediately, banking north over Manukau Harbour.

AERIAL SHOT: Auckland spreads below – volcanic cones still in shadow, glittering harbors catching first light, the Sky Tower piercing the CBD like a silver needle.

JACK
(quiet, to himself)
Nice little country...

PILOT
(over headset)
First time in NZ, Mr. Bauer?

JACK
First time anywhere that isn't trying
to kill me.

The pilot chuckles, banks harder toward the CBD.

At a derelict dairy farm in Waitākere foothills, North of Bethell's Beach and O'Neill Bay, fog clings to pine plantations.

Beneath a false hay barn: a hydraulic SILO hisses open like a predator's maw, revealing a concrete shaft lit blood-red leading to an underground room.

In the room, a CULT MEMBER (40s, hooded robe, face shadowed) stands on a concrete dais.

Twenty-four cultists in black fatigues kneel in a perfect circle. Black Sun pendants gleam under red floodlights.

CULT MEMBERS
(chanting in Old Norse, low and
guttural)
Úr myrkvi sólarfalla, gamall veröld
líðr at enda. Valhöll bíðr.

Each cultist arms a QUAD-COPTER DRONE with ritual precision.

Close-ups:

- Fingers sliding C-4 bricks into payload bays.
- Tungsten shrapnel glinting like frost.
- Undersides painted with glowing BLACK SUN runes – runic "EO" embossed on the tops.
- Red arming lights sync in heartbeat pulses.

A TECH CULTIST (30s, haunted eyes, trembling hands) connects a rugged laptop to a control pad.

Screen: "GRIDFALL FRAGMENTS - 98.7% DISTRIBUTED." Upload bar crawls to "VALHALLA SERVER FARM - OFF-GRID"

TECH CULTIST
(whisper, reverent)
Control link established. Drones
slaved to blockchain triggers.
Payloads hot.

CULT MEMBER
(voice rising)
Launch.

The silo IRIS-OPENS with a hydraulic SCREECH. One by one, the drones rise through the narrowing gap – rotors slicing fog – vanishing into low cloud.

The drones assemble into a swarm.

On a laptop map, twenty-four red vectors converging on Auckland CBD. ETA: 29 minutes.

INSERT: Drone POV - skimming treetops at 120 kph, Black Sun symbols glinting in dawn light.

On KST's rooftop helipad, the chopper TOUCHES DOWN with precision. Jack hops out before the skids settle. Wind whips his battered leather jacket.

He pauses – takes in the harbor dawn: Rangitoto Island volcanic silhouette, ferries cutting white wakes, the Harbour Bridge spanning like steel lace, the Sky Tower gleaming innocently in the distance.

A KST GREETER (Maori, mid-30s, sharp suit, traditional ta moko on one arm) waits with a tablet.

GREETER
Kia ora, Mr. Bauer. Director Voss
sends her regards. This way.

They descend an external stairwell, boots CLANGING on metal.

Jack badges through a reinforced door into the building – the door HISSES shut behind him like a vault.

At the Eclipse Order compound, the cultists remain kneeling, heads bowed. The Tech Cultist monitors the laptop.

TECH CULTIST
(voice cracking with awe)
Drones airborne. Gridfall upload
complete. Valhalla acknowledges.

CULT MEMBER
(soft, almost tender)
The eclipse begins...

The laptop displays a map of the drones vectoring toward
Auckland's CBD—unseen threat building.

Jack strides into the KST ops room, his face weary from his
previous Russian imprisonment (24: Live Another Day) but
focused.

He scans the room for Elena Voss, but spots CHLOE O'BRIAN at
a workstation, her fingers flying over a keyboard, analyzing
Gridfall signals.

Her desk has a small photo of Morris and Prescott, tucked
discreetly by her monitor. Jack approaches, a rare softness
in his eyes.

JACK
(low, warm)
Chloe. How you holding up?

CHLOE
(glancing up, deadpan)
Jack. Moved to New Zealand after... you
know.
(Her eyes flicker to
the photo, grief surfacing briefly.)
Still getting used to the sun moving
right to left across the sky. Throws
me off every morning."

JACK
(nodding, empathetic)
New start, huh?

CHLOE
Thanks to Elena Voss. She gave me a
second chance when no one else would.

JACK
And now you found Gridfall. Never out
of the game.

CHLOE
(smirking faintly)
Can't escape it. That signal from the
dirty Bitcoin farm in Riverhead is
masking something bigger.
(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Watch your back, Jack.

JACK
With your help.

Chloe subtly smirks, nods to Kahu at the next desk, buried in crypto traces.

KAHU RANGI, mid-40s, Maori, graying dark hair, medium build, busily types away at his workstation.

CHLOE
Kahu here's the local wizard—keeps me from drowning in Kiwi server quirks.

KAHU
(grinning, without looking up)
And she hacks faster than I can brew flat whites. Team effort.

CHLOE
(handing him her empty cup)
Nobody brews it better than you. Save me one?

KAHU
(grinning, already standing)
Already on it. Extra strong — you've got a long day ahead.

Kahu walks toward the breakroom.

Jack notices a small framed photo on Kahu's desk: Kahu with a young girl (about 8) on his shoulders at a beach, both laughing, her arms outstretched like an airplane.

JACK
(soft, to Chloe)
His daughter?

CHLOE
(nods, quieter)
Aroha. Sick. Real sick. He's trying to get her treatment in L.A., Cedars-Sinai. Works double shifts, fundraises on the side. Good guy.

Kahu pauses at another analyst's desk, quietly slips a \$20 note into a donation jar labeled "Starship Children's Hospital Fund - Thank you whānau."

The analyst gives him a grateful nod. Kahu smiles shyly, continues on, almost trips over a chair. He recovers with a sheepish grin, looks back at Chloe and continues.

Jack watches this, a flicker of respect crossing his face.

JACK

I think he's got a crush on you. Ever thought about it?

CHLOE

I don't know if I'm ready yet.

JACK

That'll be up to you. I better get going.

Chloe dives back into work, not wasting another second.

Jack walks to a waiting area near Elena's office.

A TV on the wall shifts to a 1News report, catching his attention.

The screen shows a somber image of former US President Charles Logan (played by the late Gregory Itzin), with a chyron: "Former President Logan Laid to Rest."

1NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

Former US President Charles Logan was laid to rest at his Presidential library in his hometown of Santa Paula, California, after passing last week. Logan, a controversial figure in US politics, spent his final years in a care facility following a firearms mishap that left him incapacitated.

The screen displays video of Logan in his prime, smiling confidently. Jack shakes his head, a flicker of disdain crossing his face at the "mishap" cover story, knowing full well what happened to Logan in New York.

1NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

(on TV)

Former First Lady Martha Logan, ex-wife of the former President, was unable to attend for health reasons.

A KST staffer approaches Jack.

KST STAFFER

Mr. Bauer, Director Voss will see you now.

Jack glances at Chloe, who's back to her screen, analyzing data. She gives a small nod, her focus unbroken.

Jack heads to Elena's office.

The drone swarm continues toward Auckland's CBD from the West/Northwest.

All fully equipped with armed explosives, their buzz penetrates the morning air.

They fly low over Henderson vineyards. A farmer looks up, puzzled, shrugs and returns to work.

At KST HQ, ELENA VOSS glances out the window overlooking Auckland Harbor. A photo of Hana Voss (32, Wellington cyber security instructor) sits on Elena's desk next to a small metallic golden apple, embossed gold grid pattern, code-like surface.

TANE ROPATA, 35, Maori, is also in the room, standing.

Jack enters.

ELENA

Jack Bauer, I presume.

JACK

Yes.

ELENA

Elena Voss. Director of KST.

They shake hands.

JACK

KST?

ELENA

Kiwi Shield Taskforce.

JACK

Reminds me of CTU.

ELENA

Yes, it was an inspiration. This agency was created after Christchurch Mosque attacks in 2019.

She motions to Tane.

ELENA (CONT'D)

This is Tane Ropata, our best agent.
He's going to be working with you
today.

Jack and Tane shake hands.

JACK

I usually work alone.

ELENA

Not today Bauer. You're on our turf.
Aotearoa is a nice, quiet little
country far away from the rest of the
world. We don't need your brand of
chaos here. Follow Tane's lead.

JACK

Sorry, what was that word? Ao-what?

TANE

Aotearoa. The Maori word for New
Zealand.

ELENA

You have a lot to learn if you wish
to help us.

JACK

I'll do my best. Now how is Gridfall
being distributed to the rest of the
world? Chloe said it's designed to go
after power grids."

ELENS

Our cyber-analyst Kahu Rangi and
Chloe will give a briefing in five
minutes."

The drone swarm flies low over SH1 at Avondale. A distracted
delivery driver swerves, just missing a car at an
intersection, startled. The other driver HONKS horn.

In KST OPS, Kahu Rangi and Chloe brief everyone on the
Eclipse Order's Bitcoin cover. They use a large monitor to
illustrate their points. The room is packed — analysts,
field agents, a NZ Treasury liaison, Elena, Jack, and Tane
now standing at the back.

A 3D BLOCKCHAIN MODEL rotates center-stage. Pulsing red
nodes spread like a virus.

CHLOE
(scanning the room,
voice flat but weighted,
brief camera glance)
If you're wondering what Gridfall
really is... you're not ready for how
bad this gets.

She points to pulsing transaction flows on the screen.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Gridfall isn't just code—it's an AI
worm, designed to burrow into every
computer system it touches. Once
activated, it learns, adapts, and
spreads like digital wildfire,
targeting power grids, nukes,
anything connected. We're talking
global blackout... or worse.

Kahu explains how Gridfall code is being embedded in crypto
transactions. He uses a pointer on the screen.

KAHU
The Eclipse Order's using Bitcoin and
other cryptocurrencies as a cover,
embedding Gridfall's code in tiny
fragments across millions—potentially
billions—of transactions worldwide.
AI programs, covertly inserted at
crypto exchanges by cult hackers,
decodes it and turns it loose.

The screen zooms to a single transaction — a fragment glows
crimson.

KAHU (CONT'D)
See this? One satoshi. One line of
code. Harmless alone.

Chloe continues.

CHLOE
Each fragment's a needle in a
haystack, piggybacking on every
crypto wallet, exchange, or device.
Once it's reassembled, Gridfall
targets critical infrastructure—power
grids, dams, you name it. With
crypto's global adoption, it's
already everywhere.

Monitor zooms to Riverhead facility schematics—forested
Bitcoin mining farm, humming rigs under solar arrays.

KAHU

Insertion point's the cult's Bitcoin operation in Riverhead. Solar power masks the rigs; hackers splice Gridfall payloads directly into mining blocks. One compromised node, and it propagates globally via the blockchain.

Kahu triggers a simulation. The screen shows fragments reassembling on a test network – lights flicker as mock Gridfall spreads to a virtual power grid. The room goes dark for a second.

ANALYST

(whisper)

Jesus...

TREASURY LIAISON

We need to shut down all crypto exchanges. Now.

KAHU

That won't work. It's totally decentralized. Ban one and it routes through another. We'd need a global kill switch.

Above Mount Albert, the drone swarm skims suburban rooftops.

A kid on a bike looks up, films with a phone.

Back at KST OPs

CHLOE

But it gets worse. Soldiers and intelligence operatives trading crypto on personal phones are unknowingly spreading it to classified networks.

KAHU

With crypto's global adoption—banks, governments, even defense contractors—it's a perfect delivery system. One infected transaction can bridge to secure systems via email or USB.

JACK

So it's already in military networks?

CHLOE

Likely.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)
We traced Russian IPs in the
fragments, but it's moving too fast
to pin down.

KAHU
(continuing)
The decentralized structure and
layering of Gridfall across multiple
networks is messier than a kiwi's
nest.

At Freeman's Bay, drones buzz traffic on the Northwestern
Motorway. Horns HONK. A commuter posts to X: "WTF is this
drone swarm?? #Auckland"

In KST OPs, Chloe's terminal BEEPS urgently.

CHLOE
(urgent)
Wait. Gridfall fragment just pinged
our backup server. It's inside KST.

The room tenses. Elena steps forward.

ELENA
Isolate it! Full sandbox!

Kahu slams a physical switch. The infected server WHINES as
it's air-gapped.

Drones enter the skyline of Auckland's CBD. Air traffic
control radios frantically.

ATC (V.O.)
Unidentified UAVs in restricted
airspace! Clear the zone!

In KST OPs an analyst pulls up traffic cams.

ANALYST
Director! Drone swarm on approach
vector to Sky Tower!

ELENA
Get our anti-drone teams up! EMP
nets, shotguns—now!

CHLOE
Too late - ETA ninety seconds!

Drones circle CBD buildings like vultures. Early morning
commuters point, awed, filming.

TOURIST

Drone show?

LOCAL

This early, mate? No way.

At KST OPs, the swarm forms a perfect circle around the Orbit 360 restaurant of the Sky Tower on the main monitor.

CHLOE

(pale, typing frantically)

There's a Gridfall spike matching the attack timing. This is their signature.

ELENA

(voice steel, maternal edge)

Everyone on this now! Trace those drones!

At the Sky Tower, drones circle. Perfect formation. Red lights pulse faster.

Inside the Sky Tower Orbit 360 restaurant, CLEANING STAFF (two workers in overalls, mops and vacuums in hand) pause, peering out the windows.

A MAINTENANCE TECH (mid-30s, toolkit slung over shoulder) wipes down a console, glances up.

CLEANING STAFF #1

What's with the drones? Looks like a bloody light show.

MAINTENANCE TECH

(radioing down, voice rising)

Control, got unidentified UAVs circling the deck. Pre-open checks?

SECURITY (V.O.)

(urgent, panicked)

Clear the area! Evacuate now!

CLEANING STAFF #2

(eyes widening)

That's not a show...

The circle of drones ACCELERATES – a perfect ring of death – and DARTS into the windows of the Orbit 360 restaurant.

They PUNCH through the glass.

Security and cleaning staff dive to the floor. No use.

EXPLOSIONS ripple through the Orbit 360 deck in rapid succession – BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM – like a fiery crown igniting.

MONTAGE

– The BLAST WAVE rattles KST HQ – glass window panes CRACK and spiderweb, monitors flicker and die.

– Window panes shatter and fall from surrounding CBD buildings in glittering sheets.

– Alarms blare, KST staffers duck, shouting.

– Black smoke billows from the tower's Orbit 360 deck, flames licking the spire.

Elena, Jack, Tane, and Chloe look out a window facing the tower.

Flaming debris RAINS; cars and shops below catch fire, distant screams echo.

JACK
(grim, assessing)
Organized hit. Pro op.

TANE
(fist clenched, pounds window frame)
Sky Tower's our icon–bastards just desecrated it!

KST staff scramble–phones ring off hooks, med kits pulled; one analyst vomits from shock.

JACK
(to Tane)
Let's go!

Jack and Tane race to the elevator.

At an Auckland fire station, firefighters scramble to put on gear and pile into fire trucks.

The fire trucks race out of the station toward the CBD, sirens BLARING.

Split-scene:

– The Sky Tower's top is literally a torch with black smoke billowing into the dawn sky.

- Sirens from emergency vehicles WAIL across the city as they race to the scene. Panic in the streets.
- Car alarms BLARE from the shockwave.
- People all over the Auckland area seeing the Sky Tower in flames—commuters frozen, phones out filming.
- A mother in the CBD shields her child as glass rains down.
- In KST's basement carpark, a guard tosses keys to Tane. He and Jack scramble into a black SUV.

Several fire trucks race down the streets of Auckland toward the burning Sky Tower, LIGHTS FLASHING, SIRENS BLARING.

Cut to clock.

Hour 2 (7:00 AM - 8:00 AM)

Settings: Auckland, KST HQ, Sky Tower, Wellington (Prime Minister's office), Muriwai cult compound (north of Bethells Beach), Marlborough Sounds.

The Sky Tower, still burning, belches black smoke into Auckland's early morning sky.

In Wellington, PRIME MINISTER SIMON CALDWELL, in a sharp suit, stands in a modern office inside the Beehive, New Zealand's Parliament building, with a NZ flag and a framed photo of Waitangi Treaty grounds, symbolizing bicultural unity.

He drinks a cup of long black coffee, walking over to his desk.

A television hanging on a nearby wall shows 1News anchors covering a charity rugby match.

ANCHOR 1

(Male, enthusiastic)

Kia ora, welcome back to 1News! We're still buzzing from last night's epic at Eden Park—All Blacks Legends versus World XV, raising two million for Starship Children's Hospital. That final try from Richie McCaw—pure magic for the kids, wasn't it, Sarah?

ANCHOR 2

(Sarah, female, animated)

Absolutely, Tom! McCaw, 44 years young, weaving through like it's 2011. Let's roll that clip again—look at the crowd roaring for Starship's tamariki!

The TV shows McCaw's try—sprinting past defenders, diving over the line. Eden Park's crowd (40,000+) erupts, waving Starship banners. A graphic reads: "\$2M for Starship Kids!"

Caldwell watches, smiles.

The TV cuts to a post-match clip of McCaw: "All for the kids—Kia kaha, Starship!" Suddenly back to the 1News studio.

ANCHOR 1

(Tom, startled)

Wait—hold on, we're getting—bloody hell... We're getting reports there was an explosion at the Sky Tower here in Auckland.

(MORE)

ANCHOR 1 (CONT'D)

Apparently that's what shook our studio a few minutes ago.

The TV image dissolves from the news anchors to the burning Sky Tower, a "Breaking News" chyron dissolves into view on the bottom of the screen. Sound of gasps off screen in the news studio.

Caldwell can't believe what he's seeing

Back in Auckland, emergency personnel are tending to the injured who were hit by falling debris and glass in the CBD.

Police begin clearing the streets.

Jack and Tane arrive at the scene of the Sky Tower in the KST issue SUV as fire officials try to figure out a way to get water to the top of the tower.

Firefighters spray water on spot fires set by the flaming debris.

Jack looks around, searching.

TANE

What are you looking for Jack?

Jack sees a smoking piece of a drone on top of a delivery vehicle. He climbs, grabs it and sees there's still some electronics and a memory card still intact.

JACK

We got to get this to Chloe right now.

They race back to the SUV with the fragment, dodging "1News" and other reporters on the scene.

Elena patches in a secure video call to Prime Minister Caldwell.

Back at the Prime Minister's office in Wellington, an assistant walks into the room as PM Caldwell continues watching the news coverage, talking to officials in Auckland on the phone.

ASSISTANT

Sir you have a video conference call from KST.

Caldwell hangs up the phone.

The Assistant uses the TV remote to change the TV feed to the conference call. A small camera is above the TV. KST ops appears on the screen.

ELENA

Prime Minister, Sky Tower's been hit by drones— likely the Eclipse Order's work. We've also traced a Gridfall signal to Riverhead Forest, part of a global blackout plot.

PM CALDWELL

(authoritative with a Kiwi edge)
Bloody hell, Elena, this is a mess. If Gridfall's real, it's a threat to all Kiwis and the world. You've got full backing—sort it fast. Keep me in the loop.

ELENA

Yes, sir. Bauer and Tane are heading the tactical team.

PM CALDWELL

Good. Show the world what New Zealand's made of.

At KST, Jack and Tane rush out of the elevator with the drone fragment.

TV monitors in ops show live coverage of the Sky Tower in flames.

KST staff make phone calls, type hurriedly at their terminals for any scrap of intel.

JACK

Chloe!

Chloe quickly approaches as Jack lays the fragment on a table.

JACK (CONT'D)

This thing's got a memory card. Find out where it came from. Call us on comms when you get something.

CHLOE

On it.

(to Kahu)

Give me a hand.

Kahu helps while Jack and Tane run back to the elevator.

Chloe and Kahu backtrace the drone's latitude/longitude trajectory to a Muriwai compound (~40 km).

Jack's comms activate as Tane drives the SUV out of Auckland. He answers.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Jack, the drones came from a compound in Muriwai, it's North of Bethell's Beach.

Chloe sends them a digital map onto a tablet screen in the SUV.

JACK

(to Tane)

You know where that is?

TANE

Yes.

(to Chloe)

We're on our way Chloe.

Jack pulls out his gun, pulls back the slide, loading it.

At the cult compound, ANDREW TYRELL preaches with the cadence of Jim Jones, David Koresh and Adolf Hitler rolled into one with a Kiwi accent. The sermon is streamed live over the internet.

Chloe and Kahu monitor the stream at KST. They also send a feed to Jack and Tane in the SUV.

CHLOE

(over comms)

Jack you might want to watch this so you'll know what you're in for.

JACK

What's his guy's background?

Chloe pulls up Tyrell's file.

CHLOE

Andrew Tyrell. Ex-Silicon valley tech genius. Kiwi born. Formed the Eclipse Order after his son...died.

Chloe maintains her composure.

JACK

Keep on it, Chloe.

Tyrell stands before 50 followers, their faces rapt. He paces slowly, locking eyes, voice warm:

TYRELL

My family, we've all personally lost
so much to this profane world's
machines and technology. (gestures
open handed to woman in her 50's)
Your sister because of a cancer
misdiagnosis. (gestures to 20
something girl)
Your father in a self driving car.
(gestures to man in his 50's)
Your wife in a plane crash. I know
your pain. All too well.

Tyrell closes his eyes, looking up.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

My son...

He tears up, pausing, then continues.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

...taken away by an AI-powered life
support system's cold error. But
here, together as one, we are whole.

His voice rises, fervent:

TYRELL (CONT'D)

But we don't have to live with this
unbearable pain anymore. The
world's wired heart, an all
encompassing leviathan of insidious
corruption and cruelty, beats to
enslave us but we...we have a silver
bullet—Gridfall. Yes, Gridfall—WILL
BURN IT OUT!

The cult members are startled. Chloe and Kahu exchange glances at KST.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

We are the chosen, the cleansed, the
righteous, standing at Ragnarok's
edge!

He closes with chilling authority, pointing skyward:

TYRELL (CONT'D)

They will call us mad, but we are the
fire that purifies this realm!
(MORE)

TYRELL (CONT'D)
Those who cling to their screens—
governments, spies, traitors like
those who hunt us—will kneel or
perish!

The followers, entranced, chant softly.

Tyrell turns on a television showing Auckland's Sky Tower engulfed in flames (Hour 1 attack). He smiles.

TYRELL (CONT'D)
(gestures to TV)
Odin, our guide in the shadows, has
lit the path with this flaming torch.
Gridfall is our vision, but I will
lead you to the new dawn.

The brainwashed cult loudly chants "Ragnarok" repeatedly.
They're literally Ted Kaczynski (Unabomber) on steroids.

Back at KST;

KAHU
This mob's mad as a meat axe.

CHLOE
(agreeing)
Yeah. Nuttier than fruitcakes.

Jack and Tane simply glance at each other in the SUV.

In Tyrell's private chambers, he has a meeting with his top cult members. They know the authorities will be on their way and they must do everything they can to stall them so the Gridfall plan will succeed. Odin commands it.

Cult members in the compound tape self lighting road flares to large cans of petrol. Others assemble a collection of guns, most of which are illegally modified in violation of New Zealand's gun laws; bump stocks, auto sears enabling automatic fire, etc.

They also hand out small cans of petrol to cult members along with a self lighting road flare.

Tyrell walks in front of a line of young children, restless, frightened, gently patting them on the cheek as he walks by, similar to the film footage of Hitler greeting the Hitler Youth for the last time.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

(softly)

Don't be scared, young ones. We'll
all be in Valhalla soon.

Tyrell walks over to a computer and types some commands into a laptop connected to a satellite uplink. It shows a ferry in Marlborough Sounds heading from Wellington to Picton on the South Island.

Split-screen:

- The ferry moves across the sound at top speed
- Passengers relax, eat breakfast in a dining area.
- Inside the ferry, a large charge of C-4 is in the trunk of a car.
- Tyrell hits the "enter" key. The C-4 on the ferry detonates.

The side of the ferry EXPLODES into a ball of fire, blasting upwards, sideways and downwards

The explosion rips through the dining area of the ferry, tossing flaming bodies into the water. It begins listing and sinking.

Jack and Tane arrive in the SUV a safe distance from the compound's perimeter, they step out and begin making their way through the bush.

Jack gets a call over comms.

ELENA

Jack, a ferry's just been bombed by the South Island. Chloe detected Gridfall spikes tracing back to the compound just before the explosion. They struck again. We're getting reinforcements ready.

JACK

How long will they take?

ELENA

An hour. We're a small country. We have to make due with what we have.

JACK

Understood. We'll surveill and stand by. But we need Tyrell alive, he can lead us to Odin.

Split screen:

- KST readying equipment at the airbase
- Tyrell putting high capacity magazines into rifles
- Cult members readying petrol bombs
- Elena at KST watching surveillance drone footage of the compound
- Chloe picking up more Gridfall spikes on her monitor.

Jack and Tane continue through the dense bush.

Cut to clock.

Hour 3 (8:00 AM - 9:00 AM)

Settings: Muriwai cult compound, KST HQ, Cedars-Sinai Children's Ward (Los Angeles)

Plot: Above Auckland's CBD, a NH90 helicopter from the nearby NZ airbase is equipped with a Helihose system and a hose reaching down to the rooftop of the Metropolis building (corner of Victoria and Federal) where booster pumps are sending water up the hose.

The NH90 hovers and aims water at the burning observation deck on the Sky Tower.

Elena watches from KST's window as the Marlborough Ferry bombing is reported on the television.

A news helicopter shot shows the sinking ferry. Passengers in life vests, local fishermen and boaters trying to pull people from the water.

1NEWS REPORTER

Latest reports indicate multiple fatalities in the blast aboard the ferry. Some witnesses are describing the explosion like a bomb.

Chloe approaches with a tablet, glances to the TV then at the helicopter outside as it sprays water on the Sky Tower.

CHLOE

How'd they get that set up so quick?

ELENA

The Prime Minister signed a National Emergency order. Cut through all the red tape. Any more leads?

CHLOE

(shows Elena the tablet)

Yes. I found Gridfall pulses tied to someone named "Odin" just after the ferry bombing. A lot of chatter about him, "Loki", "Valkyrie" and "Valhalla."

ELENA

(low, barely audible)

Sounds like bedtime stories I heard as a child.

CHLOE

What was that?

Elena turns to Chloe.

ELENA

Oh nothing, random thought. Anyways,
Good work, Chloe. Keep on it. I knew
you'd be a great hire.

Elena goes to her office. Chloe subtly smiles at the compliment, framed on each side by the helicopter outside and the TV showing the ferry bombing.

Kahu looks at his watch, steps away from his work station, morning light filtering through glass walls of KST.

He pulls out his phone, dials his daughter Aroha in a Los Angeles hospital (Cedars-Sinai, monitor beeps).

Split-screen: Kahu and Aroha

KAHU

Aroha, tamāhine, it's Papa. How's my
brave girl?

AROHA

(weak)

Papa, I miss you. The doctors say I
need another surgery.

KAHU

Don't worry, love. I've found a way
to make you better—best doctors.
Papa's got you.

Kahu ends the call, wipes away a tear, Chloe is heading back to her desk, notices Kahu.

CHLOE

You all right?

KAHU

Fine, just spoke to my little Aroha.

CHLOE

How's she doing?

KAHU

She needs another operation. I'm
working on raising the money. US
hospitals cost a lot. Online
donations are helping but I need
more.

Chloe reaches in a pocket, gives Kahu \$100 NZ.

KAHU (CONT'D)

You sure? What if you need it for something?

CHLOE

(misty eyed)

My little Prescott would want you to have this.

She gently caresses his shoulder, continues on her way. Kahu is overwhelmed.

Chloe returns to her work station. She glances at the pictures of Morris and Prescott. Fights back tears, shakes it off, continues working.

Jack and Tane infiltrate the Muriwai compound through dense bush, respecting tapu—Jack with silenced pistol, Tane with a collapsible baton inspired by the taiaha, with Maori designs on it.

The compound is adorned with Nordic rune symbols (Ansuz, Tiwaz, Othala) carved on palisades, watchtowers, and server casings, signaling the cult's "Odin" obsession.

Chloe and Kahu hack cameras on the compound, pinpointing Tyrell's quarters in a converted farmhouse, its door marked with a Fehu rune. Tyrell can be seen talking to other cult members, all carrying automatic weapons.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(over comms)

Jack, Tyrell's in the farmhouse.

JACK

(whispering)

Understood.

Jack and Tane crawl along the ground, hiding in tall grass. They make their way to the unguarded back door of the house.

In Mission Bay, an affluent, fourth story penthouse apartment overlooks the city and the stark profile of Rangitoto Island jutting up from the waters off the coast.

MARIE WARNER, 50s, walks to the outdoor balcony and subtly scans the neighborhood; multi-million dollar homes to her left, front and to the right; some with tall hedges. Morning commuters and residents go about their business.

She sits at a table with a steaming cup of hot latte and makes a call to "Valhalla", a fortified underground bunker, via secure video on a laptop.

The bunker is adorned with Norse mythology and artifacts; paintings, spears, swords, etc.

HARLAN VOSS sits at a glass dining table with a large glass statue of Odin on top, a sharp spear pointing up. Poking up through the table behind the Odin statue is a large replica Yggdrasil tree.

He finishes his Continental breakfast, gets up to leave the table. He carries a glass of bourbon, a smartphone streaming video in the other hand.

MARIE

Odin, Muriwai's ambush is set—Loki will capture Bauer at the compound. Our insider on the other hand is wavering; I need funds for his daughter's hospital expenses.

Voss walks toward a set of stairs, ascends to a second level, approaches the entrance of a large room filled with screens, servers, a computer station, a couch, a table with random items.

In the corner, stands a statue of the Nordic goddess Idunn and next to it a small replica tree with golden apples. Weirdly out of place for a high tech room.

HARLAN VOSS

You'll get the money. Keep our asset in line—Gridfall's too close for errors.

MARIE

I've got his heart in my hands. His daughter's life depends on him. But our real problem might be Loki, he's going off script.

Harlan looks at a TV screen showing the Marlborough Ferry bombing, annoyed.

HARLAN VOSS

I'll reign him in before his chaos disrupts the plan. Keep an eye on his activities.

MARIE

Already working on it Odin.

HARLAN VOSS

You could very well be the Valkyrie I've been looking for."

Marie smirks at the thought.

Harlan hangs up the phone, turns around on the balcony, holding the glass of bourbon. He leans on the railing, looking at the Odin statue below him. Behind him to his right is a figurine of Mimir (Norse god of wisdom and knowledge) hanging on the wall.

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)
Odin gave his eye, his life, for
power. I'm prepared to do the same.

He toasts the statue and takes a drink.

Tyrell gets a text message on his phone. He dials another number.

Jack and Tane watch from the nearby bushes.

JACK
(to Tane, whispering)
We'll grab Tyrell and take him out of here without anyone knowing."

TANE
(whisper)
Got it, Jack.

JACK
(whisper over comms)
Elena, we're close to Tyrell—send the
extraction team.

ELENA
(at KST)
Understood.

Elena picks up a phone.

Just as Jack and Tane are about to sneak into the house, they're suddenly surrounded by armed cult members.

CULT MEMBER
Drop your weapons.

Jack nods to Tane to comply.

The cultists capture Jack and Tane

Split screen:

— Jack and Tane being marched away to another building on the compound

- Chloe decoding Gridfall spikes
- Several choppers leaving from the airbase outside Auckland with KST and NZ military personnel
- Jack and Tane taken into a ritual chamber centered around a large Black Sun symbol (12 sig runes in a circular pattern) etched into the floor, amplifying the cult's apocalyptic ideology.

At KST, Kahu erases a message from his phone, looking around.

Cut to clock.

Hour 4 (9:00 AM - 10:00 AM)

Settings: Muriwai cult compound, KST HQ, Wellington.

Plot: Dim Torchlight casts elongated shadows as Jack and Tane are bound to wooden stakes by the cultists in the ritual chamber under the Black Sun symbol. Ropes bite into their wrists.

The chamber's walls are etched with Nordic runes (Uruz, Algiz, Sowilo), reinforcing the cult's "Odin" mythology.

Black Sun sigil looms above Jack and Tane—eclipsed orb etched in obsidian, subtle golden apple glint in its corona.

Cultists murmur in Old Norse, incense thick with pine/smoke. Tyrell enters via stone arch, Loki-rune tattoo peeking from sleeve, eyes wild with hacker's glee.

TYRELL

(circling, voice laced with mock divinity)

So, you thought you were going to remove me from my realm? Intruders in the roots of Yggdrasil... Odin doesn't tolerate pests.

JACK

(stoic, bruised from capture)

Something like that.

Tyrell lashes out—fist cracks Jack's jaw, blood sprays. Cultist hands him the ceremonial sword: seax blade, runes glinting faintly (Thurisaz for chaos).

TYRELL

(wiping blade on Jack's shirt)

You'll speak when Loki wishes it. The trickster unbound.

Jack spits blood, locks eyes—defiant glare. Tane strains ropes, muscles taut, whispering a quiet karakia (Maori prayer) under breath, clashing cultural steels.

JACK

(grinning through pain)

Whatever you have planned for today won't work out the way you intended it. Chaos always bites its master.

Tyrell presses sword-tip to Jack's throat, drawing a bead of blood—rune symbols seem to pulse.

TYRELL

(whispering, fervent)

Regardless of what happens, Ragnarok is the fate of this world. Grids fall, gods rise... or crumble. Your choice.

At KST, Chloe hunches over dual monitors, Kahu beside her—screens awash in blockchain ledgers, crypto wallets pulsing like Bifrost bridges.

CHLOE

(tracing flows)

A lot of money and crypto has been shifted around leading up to today. Offshore shells, dark web tumblers—it's a fortress.

Kahu zooms on anomalous patterns, fingers flying.

KAHU

(eyes widening)

Looks like they used free crypto game apps to distribute Gridfall to unknowing players. Malware hidden in 'earn-while-you-play' games—millions infected via ads.

Inset window: Glitchy ad plays—pixelated actor (badly dubbed English) politely admonishes a duped player, grabs their phone: "You downloaded a fake game. Here, use this instead."

Chloe cross-references.

CHLOE

(frowning)

Those things are scams. Make you watch endless ads for pennies, harvest data. But this... Gridfall payloads embedded in the crypto rewards.

Her screen overlays wire transfers: ancient accounts (1990s/2000s timestamps), funneled to "Eclipse Order".

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(leaning in)

Whoever's funding the cult has been around for a while. Decades-old trusts."

Back in the ritual chamber, Tyrell paces around, twirling the sword, pointing it at Tane.

TYRELL

Gridfall will now be fed with your blood.

He raises the sword, circling

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Odin commands your sacrifice, but I will be the one who forges Ragnarok's chaos!

JACK

(straining ropes, derisive)
You're just a puppet. Who's this Odin pulling your strings?

TYRELL

(eyes flashing)
Odin thinks he's the rightful ruler of this world, but I am the true light. Your deaths will spark Gridfall, crashing every system worldwide! My son will be avenged!

TANE

(steady)
You shame your son's memory with this. Ka mate, ka ora—we live through struggle, not madness.

TYRELL

(furious, stepping closer)
Don't speak of my son! His death fuels the fire burning within Loki. Valhalla awaits!

Jack subtly glances at Tyrell with the expression "This guy's fucking nuts."

In Wellington, Hana calls Elena about suspicious " bank deposits via her crypto exchange account.

Split screen: Hana and Elena

HANA

Mum, these transfers are huge—three million-dollar deposits in my crypto account, funneled through millions of microtransactions on the public ledger. It's not my usual trading.

ELENA

Last time you 'checked' a ledger, you nearly got arrested.

HANA

I didn't hack anything. It's public blockchain data—real-time confirmations. The frequency's odd, like it's hiding something.

Elena immediately suspects Gridfall.

ELENA

Send me what you found and I'll give it to Kahu. We're quite busy right now. Stay home, Hana—things are hot.

HANA

I have a cyber security lecture tonight. I'll be fine. Love you mum.

ELENA

Love you.

Hana hangs up. She opens a photo gallery app on her phone. She swipes past other images to one of her and Tane. He stands behind her, arms wrapped around her waist, his head on her shoulder. She nostalgically gazes at the image, longing.

A KST/military extraction team arrives in helicopters at the cult compound. Police cars block the road entrance.

Cult members fire their guns at the team.

Helicopters roar outside the ritual chamber.

JACK

(smirking)

Sounds like your Ragnarok's getting interrupted.

TYRELL

(raising sword over Tane)

Odin's vision will be done!"

Jack struggles in his ropes as Tyrell is about to decapitate Tane with the sword.

As Tyrell swings, Jack snaps his ropes, tackling him. The sword skids across the stone floor.

Tane manages to break free to help Jack. He's jumped by two cult members. Tane uses his Iwi fighting skills to make it a fair fight.

Tyrell kicks, breaks free from Jack's grip and runs out the door.

Several cult members climb a nearby roof with the road flare laced petrol cans

Others are in the guard towers. They light the flares and toss the cans at police.

The petrol cans EXPLODE into huge balls of fire as the extraction team runs for cover. One unlucky KST tactical member gets a direct hit. Other team members try to douse the flames.

KST and military personnel SHOOT the cult members on the roof and in the guard towers.

More cult members, doused in petrol light themselves on fire, run screaming like berserker lunatics while firing guns. They're quickly cut down by gunfire.

Tyrell runs inside the farm house, Jack hot on his trail.

Tyrell grabs a road flare and lights it above a group of tied up children doused in petrol, wide-eyed, crying, screaming.

Jack sees the children. Infuriated, he runs, steps onto the seat of a chair and does a flying leap onto Tyrell, the lit road flare flying backwards out of a window, lighting the back porch on fire.

Jack and Tyrell roll around on the floor, struggling. They get up, exchanging punches.

Tyrell shoves Jack backwards into an Odin statue, back first. Jack grimaces in pain and Tyrell breaks free.

Tane enters and helps Jack cut the ropes and lead the crying children outside to safety as flames begin to engulf the house. Jack softly reassures them it will be all right.

Once outside, Jack hands the children over to the extraction team. He quickly glances around and sees Tyrell running to a 4x4 truck at the edge of the compound.

Tyrell starts the truck and flees.

Split screen:

- Jack and Tane run back through the woods to their SUV
- Tyrell drives on dirt trails through the woods.

- Elena, Chloe and Kahu watch the raid on monitors at KST
- The cult compound on fire
- Harlan Voss in his bunker pours himself another glass of bourbon.

Jack and Tane make it to the SUV and see Tyrell's truck emerge from the woods and spin onto the road, a half kilometer ahead.

Jack jumps into the driver's side (on the right) and Tane jumps into the passenger side.

Wheels toss gravel as Jack floors the gas.

Cut to clock

Hour 5 (10:00 AM - 11:00 AM)

Setting: Bethells Beach (Te Henga Walking Trail, sea caves), KST HQ, Prime Minister's office at Beehive in Wellington

Plot: Jack and Tane in the KST SUV chase Tyrell's 4x4 down a long stretch of Constable Road.

Tyrell plows through a metal gate and onto the Parihoa Farm private retreat.

The chase roars past the Jewel Box building and onto a grassy, two track road that turns hard left onto a plateau facing the Tasman Sea.

Jack grips the wheel of the KST SUV, engine roaring over gravel—Tyrell's vehicle fishtails ahead, kicking dust. SUV bounces as it climbs a hill.

TANE

Kiwi dirt roads, Jack—hit too hard,
we roll too.

JACK

Trust me. Odin's lapdog doesn't
escape today.

They leave the dirt road and the chase continues across a large open field, heading South. Wires snap as Tyrell breaks through sheep fences sub-dividing it.

Near the South end of the field, Jack does a pit maneuver, HITS the left rear fender of the 4x4 with the SUV's bumper.

Tyrell panics, overcompensates to regain control.

The 4x4 rolls, dirt clods fly.

Tyrell crawls from the flipped vehicle and flees into the bush not far from the Te Henga Walking Trail near O'Neill Bay.

Jack stops, exits the truck.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Tane, urgent)

Drive 'round to Bethells Beach road—
meet at the shore.

Tane nods, moves to driver's seat, stomps on the accelerator.

Tyrell flees on foot down the steep hills of the trail.

Jack pursues, passing the iconic spot where Lucy Lawless's credit was filmed in the Xena: Warrior Princess opening credits (rugged cliffs, ocean backdrop).

Tane continues driving across the field until he reaches a two track dirt road leading to Bethell's Beach road.

The foot chase descends to the beach, where Tyrell sprints along the shoreline, past the backside of large, plant covered rock island formations and across a wide, ankle-deep stream emptying into the ocean.

Tane screeches the SUV to a halt at the Bethell's Beach carpark and runs down to the beach to help Jack.

Tyrell ducks behind the pillars of a lifeguard tower, firing wild pistol shots at Jack and quickly approaching Tane, who take cover behind dunes.

The pursuit continues down the length of the beach to a sea cave.

Tyrell enters the cave, desperately looking for an exit out the other side.

Jack charges in, disarms Tyrell in brutal grapple-pistol skids, Jack cuffs him against rock, recovers Gridfall drive ("Odin/Valhalla" etched).

Tane helps Jack hold Tyrell, keeping him away from an ancient Maori carving.

JACK (CONT'D)
(forceful, pinning Tyrell)
Who's Odin?

TYRELL
(smirking through blood, defiant)
Odin weaves fates you can't unravel.
Ragnarok is coming.

JACK
(leaning in, voice low steel)
Names. Gridfall. What's the plan?

TYRELL
(laughing hoarse)
Loki guards secrets. Odin's eye sees
your every move—too late.

JACK
We'll see about that.

ELENA
(at KST listening via comms, wry)
That cave's seen more action than
Xena.

Jack eyes drive: "Odin's bigger plan."

TYRELL
(cuffed, smirks)
Odin's plan is beyond you.

Elena briefs Prime Minister Caldwell via secure video link
from KST Auckland.

ELENA
Prime Minister, Jack's team raided
the cult compound at Muriwai and
apprehended Tyrell, their leader.
We've got a drive mentioning 'Odin'
and 'Valhalla'—Gridfall's core.

PM CALDWELL
This cult's on Māori land—pā sites
near Bethells. Iwi are demanding
respect for the whenua. What's
Tyrell's play?

ELENA
He's tied to a global cyberattack.
We're analyzing the drive now.

PM CALDWELL
Keep the iwi in the loop, Elena.
Neutralize this, but honor the land.

Jack and Tane, sweat-soaked from the beach chase, secure
Tyrell (cuffed, smirking) in a KST transport van in the
Bethell's Beach carpark.

Jack clutches Tyrell's Gridfall drive, eyes narrowing as
Tyrell taunts. He hands it to Tane.

JACK
Uplink that to Chloe.

TANE
On it Jack.

Tane walks to the KST SUV.

TYRELL
(cuffed, venomous)
You're too late for Ragnarok.
(MORE)

TYRELL (CONT'D)

The tree's roots run deeper than your bullets.

JACK

(cold, shoving him in)

Keep talking. KST's got a cell with your name.

Tane, standing at the SUV, plugs the drive into a secure KST uplink (rugged laptop in passenger seat, satellite antenna humming).

TANE

(low, to comms)

Elena, drive's live—uploading to Chloe now. We're prepping Tyrell's transport, then Riverhead bound.

At KST Chloe decrypts the drive's sat phone logs via Chainalysis API, cross-referencing Auckland traffic cams.

Kahu hovers over his keyboard, tweaking lagging servers—his phone buzzes (Marie's encrypted text: "Loki falls, Odin watches"). He glances, sweat beading, but stays silent.

CHLOE

(eyes locked on screen)

Kahu, Tyrell's logs tie to a courier—same Gridfall encryption. Moving fast, North of Auckland.

KAHU

(distracted, forcing focus)

That's... huge, mate. Odin's network?

CHLOE

(narrowing eyes)

Yeah, maybe 'Valhalla.' But your systems are choking again—fix it.

KAHU

(defensive)

Old gear, Chloe. Doing my best.

Chloe shoots him a look, resumes typing—courier's GPS pings State Highway 16, hinting Gridfall's next node. She keys comms to Elena, standing at ops hub.

CHLOE

Elena, Tyrell's drive confirms the courier's Gridfall tie—He's live, heading North.

ELENA
(steady)
Good work—Riverhead's our next hit.
Jack, Tane, status?

Split-screen:

- Jack/Tane slam van door—Tyrell inside, smirking.
- SUV's uplink blinks green, drive data sent.

JACK
(via comms)
Tyrell's secured. Transport's rolling
to KST. We're going to Riverhead.

Split screen:

- Jack/Tane climb into SUV,
- Riverhead coords punched in—dust kicks as they peel out.
- Chloe's screen flashes courier's route,
- Kahu fidgets (Marie's text unanswered).
- Pentagon's DEFCON 4 monitor spikes—Russian IPs flicker, Voss's false flags stirring.

ELENA
(comms, to all)
Jack, Tane—Riverhead's hot. Chloe,
keep tracking that courier. Either we
stop Gridfall now, or NZ's the spark
for a global blackout.

Hard cut to clock.

Hour 6 (11:00 AM - 12:00 PM)

Settings: KST HQ, SH16 convoy, Ellerslie Substation, Auckland

Plot: Tyrell, cuffed in a KST transport van, smirks as the van speeds along SH16's rural vineyards.

Two KST escorts banter about the All Blacks rugby team.

Marie, carrying her laptop and a bag, gets into an SUV in the basement carpark of the Mission Bay apartment building.

Split-screen:

– Marie, opens the laptop in the SUV

– Coordinates via encrypted comms to a pair of mercs in a black 4x4.

MARIE

Odin wants his warrior free.

MERC

Understood.

The black 4x4 rams the van, flipping it into a ditch. Mercenaries (cultists, wearing Norse rune tattoos) gun down the escorts in a brutal firefight.

Tyrell kicks open the van's door, grabs a dead guard's knife, and cuts his cuffs. He nods to the cultists as one of them hands Tyrell a burner phone.

TYRELL

Odin's got plans for me.

They speed off in the 4x4.

Split screen:

– Tyrell uses his burner phone.

– Marie, in her SUV, gets a ping on her laptop. She smirks, now able to track Tyrell's movements for Voss. Her expertly laid trap of Tyrell beginning.

Marie drives her SUV to the entrance of the carpark, turns right on Kapa Rd., heading West.

Jack and Tane, in the KST SUV heading North on Muriwai Road, South of Waimauku, get the alert: "Transport's hit!"

JACK
Dammit! Tyrell's gone.

TANE
(gripped taiaha)
He's not getting far, mate.

Jack floors it, barreling toward SH16.

KST HQ hums with activity. Elena paces as screens suddenly flicker.

The Penrose electrical substation (Ellerslie) is hit by Gridfall code, triggering massive switchgear discharges.

Auckland blacks out—traffic lights die, trams stop, lights go out in KST.

ELENA
Chloe, Kahu, what's happening?

KAHU
Early Gridfall test, hitting
Transpower's systems.

Split-screen:

- Backup generators kick in
- Computers reboot.

Chloe resumes work, her screen showing a map of Auckland's grid: the Ellerslie substation is red, with animated signals spreading to Vector substations.

CHLOE
Gridfall's sending commands over
power lines. It's targeting
substations citywide.

ELENA
Can you block it?

CHLOE
Kahu and I can set up firewalls for
Transpower.
(to Kahu)
Kahu, take half the workload.

KAHU
Sweet as.

CHLOE
(confused)
What?

KAHU
(grinning)
Means good, not what you're thinking.

Chloe shakes her head, adjusting to Kiwi slang, a light moment amid chaos.

Chloe detects Russian signatures in Gridfall's code, pinging US allies.

Elena, in her office begins a video conference call.

On the screen appears NSA Director Gabby Bard, blond, 50's, Texas accent, muted but sunny disposition.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
I see you're still wearing that
necklace I gave you last Christmas.

Elena pulls her necklace out from her blouse, the silver pendant with gold triangles on the rim strangely resembles a small chakram.

ELENA
Yes, it's brought me a lot of luck.
Thank you. (puts necklace back)
What's happening with Gridfall on
your end?

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Chaos. Blackouts in the US—New York,
Seattle. Russian IPs all over it.
Kremlin's denying involvement.

ELENA
It's a frame job. Gridfall's tagging
Russian servers to spark conflict.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Hope that's the case but we have to
consider the possibility of a bigger
player running this. POTUS is
currently on alert. If this
escalates, it's sanctions—or worse.

ELENA
How soon will you give us more intel?

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
I'll be briefing the President at the
White House this evening. When I
know, you'll know.

Chloe at her workstation, multiple screens cascading data
streams—flows now dissected like Yggdrasil roots. Elena
approaches.

ELENA
Any progress on that firewall for
Transpower?

CHLOE
Got it compiling right now. Kahu's
working on his half.

Kahu busily types.

KAHU
(dry, under his breath)
Flat out like a lizard drinkin'.

A window on Chloe's monitor shows code. Elena sees another
window showing financial data.

ELENA
Are these the trust accounts linked
to the cult?

CHLOE
Yes. I found quite a bit of info.

Chloe's fingers blur on keys, pulling archived SEC filings
and dark web caches. Screen blooms with "Omicron
International" logo—1990s corporate blue, faded like Odin's
eye.

Old corporate photo of Christopher Henderson appears. An
"Odin" pin is on his lapel.

ELENA
Who's Christopher Henderson?

CHLOE
Ex-CTU director. Corrupt to the core—
Jack exposed him in a nerve gas
conspiracy.

A glint of pain crosses Chloe's face; a memory of Edgar
Stiles surfaces.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

He also orchestrated terror hits for President Logan. Bombs, assassinations... all for power plays.

ELENA

What happened to him?

An FBI photo of Henderson appears stamped with "Deceased".

CHLOE

Jack.

Screens overlay military contracts—DEFCON-era PDFs stamped "CLASSIFIED," linking to Gridfall precursors (early worm code snippets). Blockchain viz pulses like Bifrost: Henderson's accounts funneled to "Odin Holdings," crypto trails snaking to "Valhalla."

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Odin was Henderson's shadow, funding black-market tech.

ELENA

(face hardening)

Looks like Odin's been playing the world for quite a while.

Jack and Tane arrive at the wrecked van at the intersection of State Highway 16 and Route 28. A crowd has gathered, a police officer keeps people back.

Another officer moves to stop Jack. Tane flashes his KST credentials and the officer backs off.

They find dead escorts and a dropped Norse rune pendant (merc's). Tane examines it.

TANE

Māori don't use these. Cult's involved.

Jack spots tire tracks in the grass leading to the pavement on Route 28 to Riverhead.

JACK

(on comms)

Elena, Tyrell's on his way to Riverhead. Tracks suggest a meet—maybe the courier.

ELENA

Follow it. Could be Gridfall's next move.

Split-screen:

- Tyrell's 4x4 pulls into a Riverhead barn, where a COURIER (carrying a "black box" for Gridfall) waits, nervous.
- Tyrell grabs the box looks at it, hands it back.

TYRELL

Odin's orders—get this to Albany.

COURIER

Is that where I meet my contact?

TYRELL

Yes, Valkyrie will be waiting.

Chloe traces the Courier's burner phone (linked to the black box) to Riverhead, relaying info to Jack.

CHLOE

Got a signal—courier's in Riverhead.

JACK

Keep tracking him, we're on our way there.

Kahu's signal reroute delays the trace by 30 seconds, unnoticed.

Auckland's blackout worsens: trams stall, hospitals switch to generators. Elena coordinates with Auckland police, her voice steady but eyes haunted.

Jack and Tane speed toward Riverhead, discussing tactics.

TANE

(gripping taiaha)

My tūpuna [ancestors] guide us. We'll stop this pōrangi [madness]."

Jack nods, respecting Tane's Māori resolve.

Split-screen:

- Tyrell gives the Courier instructions:

TYRELL

Take the back roads North about ten to fifteen Ks then head south on Route 31.

COURIER

Why so far?

TYRELL

To make sure you're not being followed. Deliver the box to the dairy shop by 1:30, then head into Auckland on SH1. Odin's watching.

The Courier nods, spooked by Tyrell's rune tattoo, gets on a motorbike and leaves.

Chloe detects Gridfall spiking at the Panmure Substation.

Lights flicker out in Mission Bay. Restaurants go dark, traffic lights fail, almost causing accidents. The gushing water in the fountain at the beach park goes flat. Not even NZ's rich are immune from Gridfall's reach.

Elena calls Jack.

ELENA

Jack, Gridfall's hitting again.
Mission Bay is dark. That courier's key—find him.

Jack and Tane approach Riverhead.

Kahu types in another signal reroute, deftly switching the trace from the Courier's phone to another inside a utility truck that passes him.

The Courier makes two right turns, his motorbike zooming in the opposite direction on a parallel street behind buildings, unseen by Jack and Tane, undetected by Chloe.

Split-screen:

- Tyrell drives back country, vanishes into the forest
- The Courier drives North
- Auckland darkens
- Elena watches the grid map
- Harlan in "Valhalla" smirks at a rune-carved screen showing Gridfall's spread.

Kahu glances nervously at his phone. Hits "Clear Message" of an unknown number.

Hard cut to clock.

Hour 7 (12:00 PM - 1:00 PM)

Settings: Riverhead forest Bitcoin farm, Washington DC (Oval Office), KST HQ, Valhalla bunker

Plot: Jack and Tane approach the area of the Bitcoin farm hidden in the hills of the Riverhead Forest, North of Riverhead.

The crawl up an embankment about 100 meters away.

Jack uses a pair of binoculars and spots a server hub hidden in an abandoned shed, powered by solar panels and a battery bank with a power inverter. A satellite uplink is on the roof. Livestock pens surround the building.

Two armed cult members patrol outside, three more are inside maintaining the AISC servers and mining rigs.

JACK

Two cult members, possibly three more inside.

TANE

What's the plan here Jack?

JACK

Pick off the guards and hope the others don't do anything stupid.

TANE

Cult members aren't the brightest bulbs in the batc-

Suddenly the BUZZING of a drone overhead; surveillance camera!

The cult members begin SHOOTING at Jack and Tane's position, they both make a run to a closer position at a lean-to building.

They battle Eclipse Order cult members, dodging gunfire.

Tane, using his taiaha-inspired baton, disarms a cult member who ambushes them from lean-to building.

TANE (CONT'D)

This whenua's not yours to mess with!

A second cult member runs from the lean-to toward the server building.

Jack spots a fiber optic cable half buried in the dirt. He rips up his end out of the ground, pulls it taut. The cable SPRINGS UP a couple of inches off the ground.

The second cult member trips, tumbles head first into a small tree, knocked out cold.

The rifle wielding cult members continue FIRING as the others inside the server building rig petrol(gasoline) and diesel canisters with explosives.

Jack SHOOTS one of the armed cult members, Tane SHOOTS the other.

As Jack and Tane close in, the server building EXPLODES. The cult members inside disappear in flames. A Viking funeral.

The Bitcoin miners, server and uplink are destroyed.

Minutes later, Jack and Tane interrogate the captured cult member, who reveals the courier's role: delivering a "black box" (Gridfall's hardware trigger) to a dairy in Albany.

The cult member pulls a cyanide capsule from his shirt.

CULT MEMBER
For Valhalla!

Jack tries to stop him, too late.

During a lull after the cult members's suicide, Jack and Tane search the debris for anything useful.

JACK
(over comms)
The servers gone. You get anything
Chloe?

CHLOE
I'll check cloud and ledger data for
traces.

JACK
What about the Courier?

Kahu, listening to comms, sends a command to destroy the SIM card on phone in the utility truck where he diverted the trace.

Chloe checks and sees the signal trace gone.

CHLOE

The Couriers trace is gone. He may have destroyed the phone. I'll keep checking.

Kahu, keeps typing, pretending to look busy.

Elena walks up to Chloe's work station, serious, puts on a headset.

ELENA

(over comms)

Jack you have a call, from Washington. Chloe's patching it through now.

Chloe patches through a secure call. Jack hears a click of a line being connected.

VOICE

Jack Bauer.

JACK

Yes.

Jack hears something he hasn't heard in a long time.

VOICE

Please hold for the President.

We see a aerial view of the White House in Washington DC. It's night time, well after 6 PM Eastern, Winter snow on the ground.

In the Oval Office, PRESIDENT BRIAN HASTINGS, 60's, African-American, former CTU New York director and former Senator, picks up the phone.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Jack, it's been too long.

JACK

Hastings?

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Yeah, they call me Mr. President now.

JACK

Sorry, sir. Been out of the loop for a while.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

It's OK. It took me a while to get used to it too.

Jack cracks a brief smirk.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)
(authoritative, CTU edge)
You know I don't waste breath, so
I'll get right to the point. That
Bitcoin farm signal was spiking our
systems, tied to a global blackout
threat. I assume you took it out.

JACK
The cult members guarding it blew
themselves up. Chloe's pulling data
right now.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
O'Brian's there? Our odds of
kicking this just went way up. Tell
her I said "Hello." and give her my
condolences about her family.

JACK
I will. Any leads on your end?

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Nothing solid, but this is bigger
than New Zealand. Get me answers,
Jack.

JACK
Yes, sir.

Marie oversees the destroyed Bitcoin farm from a concealed
SUV in the forest (~1-2 km away), contacting Voss to report
the failure.

MARIE
(whispers)
Odin, Bauer's hit the farm. The ASICs
and uplink are gone.

HARLAN VOSS
Damn it,—Gridfall needed those
servers. Squeeze Kahu harder.

MARIE
Aroha's next surgery's my leverage.
He'll deliver.

HARLAN VOSS
In case he doesn't, I'm still going
with my back up plan.

Harlan looks at a computer screen showing a schematic for high-altitude communication drones or HAPS (High Altitude Pseudo Satellites). It shows a top altitude of 65,000 feet/20,000 meters for the drones.

At KST, Chloe pulls up land registry databases confirming Tyrell's property acquisition funding of the Muriwai compound;

CHLOE

Odin's' money's helped the cult buy their properties over the objections of the local Maori. He either outbid them or padded the wallets of local politicians with "consulting fees" through shell companies.—'Valhalla's' the source.

Elena pulls up documents on a workstation, tracing Tyrell's cult to Rotoma.

ELENA

Tyrell owns a farm in Rotoma—'Odin was pulling strings there too; zoning overrides, iwi land claims buried in red tape. Cult's using it as a Gridfall node.

Split screen:

- Odin's land acquisitions on a screen
- Voss in his bunker watching test flight videos of drones at the Rotoma farm
- Aroha being checked by a nurse at Cedars-Sinai
- Kahu typing nervously at a terminal
- Gridfall causing more blackouts in the US.

Chloe resumes her trace of the Courier's phone and it suddenly reappears on Route 31 to Albany.

CHLOE

(over comms)

Jack, I found the Courier. He's on Route 31 heading South.

JACK

Good job Chloe, we're following him now.

CHLOE
(to herself)
Weird how he disappeared like that.

Chloe shrugs it off.

Kahu eyes Chloe, relieved his diversion worked briefly.

Jack and Tane navigate a roundabout at the end of Route 28 and resume their search for the courier on Route 31 South.

Cut to clock.

Hour 8 (1:00 PM - 2:00 PM)

Settings: KST HQ, Albany, dairy shop, Christchurch

Plot: At KST Auckland, Chloe analyzes data from Tyrell's Hour 5 drive, identifying the black box's specs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Elena, the black box is a portable Gridfall interface—plugs into a phone or laptop to control PLC systems, like NZ's hydro plants.

ELENA

So it's a key to their cyberattacks?

CHLOE

Exactly—ties to 'Valhalla'.

ELENA

(via comms)

Jack, the black box is a Gridfall device. Get it from that courier.

JACK

(in SUV)

Copy that. We're on him.

Split-screen:

- Chloe types
- Elena paces
- Dairy Flat Highway blurs past Jack/Tane.

On Dairy Flat Highway (Route 31), Jack and Tane tail the cult courier, still riding his motorbike, to a Kiwi-themed dairy shop (wooden counter, Whittaker's chocolate racks, L&P bottles, Māori art posters) in Albany.

The Courier, clutching the black box, enters, expecting a contact.

Jack and Tane park, approaching the entrance as casual customers, scanning shelves.

JACK (CONT'D)

(low, to Tane)

He's by the counter. Move slow.

Marie, in her SUV, slows on the street, spotting them. She dials her phone.

Split-screen:

- Courier fidgets
- Jack/Tane browse
- Marie smirks.

In a residential neighborhood 2 km away, a young Māori man (20s, Hemi, wearing a pounamu pendant) answers his phone, receiving a video call from Marie.

HEMI

Val, it's been a while.

MARIE

It has been hasn't it.

(seductive)

Hemi, remember our last hookup? You can't resist a cougar, can you? I'm in the mood again."

Hemi grins, intrigued.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I need a favor first—take some mates, hit the dairy shop on Dairy Flat. Crypto payment's sent—half now, half later, plus a big reward.

She winks via video call, implying more.

HEMI

(eyes light up)

Choice, Val. Me and my boys are in.

Crypto app on Hemi's phone pings (NZ\$5,000).

MARIE

In more ways than one.

Marie slyly smiles, subtly raises eye brow, hangs up.

Hemi rallies friends via group chat, anticipating a very hot night with Val(aka Marie).

Split-screen:

- Hemi grabs keys
- Marie calls the courier.

The Courier pulls out his phone and answers.

MARIE (CONT'D)
(over phone)
Bauer's in the shop. Stall him—ask an
employee for help. Backup's coming."

The Courier, sweating, approaches the shop clerk (50s, Kiwi
auntie vibe)

COURIER
Hey mate, where's your... uh, Wattie's
baked beans?

The clerk, helpful, points to a shelf.

Jack and Tane close in, eyeing the courier.

JACK
(via comms)
Elena, we're moving in.

The courier glances nervously, clutching the black box as
the clerk accompanies him to the shelf.

Split-screen:

- Clerk chats,
- Jack/Tane approach
- Marie watches from her car.

The chat ends between the Courier and the clerk.

As Jack and Tane move in, an SUV smashes through the dairy's
front windows, glass shattering, as Hemi and four masked
raiders (teens/20s, hoodies, Māori tattoos visible) storm
in.

A raider fires a shotgun, blasting a Whittaker's chocolate
rack. Jack dodges, diving behind a shelf.

Tane grabs a broom, wielding it like a taiaha, spinning it
with precision.

TANE
(yelling)
Back off!

A raider aims at Jack, blowing up a chip display.

Jack reaches for his gun but puts it back.

JACK
Tane, they're just kids. Don't shoot
'em!

TANE 1
(twirls broom into raider)
Way ahead of you, mate.

Jack, on the floor, grabs a Wattie's Spaghetti can from a low shelf, hurling it with force, beaning the shooter in the forehead—knocked out cold.

Split-screen:

- Glass crunches
- Customers scream
- Courier slips toward the exit.

Jack tackles a raider, disarming his knife with a wrist lock, slamming him into a fridge (L&P bottles rattle).

Tane parries a bat swing with the broom, sweeping a raider's legs, pinning him without breaking taonga (Māori art poster).

The courier bolts, stealing the raiders' SUV as Jack/Tane fight.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Tane)
He's getting away!

Tane knocks out the last raider with a broom jab to the chest.

The SUV peels out of the carpark.

Split-screen:

- Courier speeds off
- Jack/Tane pant
- Shop clerk cowers.

Police arrive, cuffing raiders. Jack interrogates Hemi, now unmasked, pounamu pendant glinting.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who paid you?

HEMI
(defiant)
Some woman, online-crypto for a ram
raid. Half now, half later.

JACK
Her name!

HEMI
Said her name was Val-hot, though.
Said there'd be a reward.

Jack scrolls Hemi's phone, plugging it into a laptop linked
to Chloe at KST.

CHLOE
Got it-crypto traces to a 'Valkyrie'
alias, tied to 'Odin.'

KAHU
(nervous)
That's... big.

CHLOE
(suspicious): "Your system lags not
helping, Kahu."

Split-screen:

- Hemi in cuffs
- Chloe types
- Kahu fidgets.

Marie, on her phone, orders another attack.

In Christchurch, a bomb explodes at a rebuild site (post-
quake high-rise), collapsing scaffolding, killing workers.
News feeds show panic, people fleeing

ELENA
(via comms)
Jack, 'Odin's' mercs hit Christchurch
-find that courier!

JACK
He's got the black box-probably
heading to Auckland.

Jack/Tane jump into the SUV, speeding onto SH1.

Split-screen:

- Christchurch rubble smokes
- Marie smiles
- Elena briefs KST.

Chloe monitors Gridfall's crypto networks, spotting a signal tied to "Valkyrie."

CHLOE
Elena, 'Valkyrie's' running the show—
maybe with 'Odin.'

ELENA
(resolute)
Find her.

Jack/Tane race toward Auckland, the courier's SUV ahead.

JACK
The Courier's not getting away again.

Split-screen:

- Jack/Tane speed
- Chloe types
- Marie drives into a heliport
- Christchurch sirens wail.
- In DC, the Pentagon tracks Gridfall at DEFCON 4.

At Mechanics Bay Heliport on the waterfront in Auckland, Marie walks briskly from her car to a running helicopter. It takes off.

Hard cut to clock.

Hour 9 (2:00 PM - 3:00 PM)

Settings: SH1 (State Highway 1), KST Auckland, The Strand, Tamaki Drive, Valhalla bunker, RNZAF Whenuapai

Plot: Chloe, at KST Auckland, scans CCTV traffic cameras, spotting the Hour 8 cult Courier's stolen SUV, Southbound on State Highway 1 (SH1) near Takapuna.

CHLOE
(via comms)
Jack, he's on SH1, heading south-blue
SUV, license plate LB-8951.

Jack and Tane, in their KST SUV, roar onto SH1, stealthily weaving through traffic toward the Auckland Harbour Bridge.

The Courier sees the lane changes of Jack and Tane's SUV in the rear mirror. He stomps on the accelerator.

JACK
Dammit, he made us.
(to Tane)
Hold on.

He floors it, tailgating.

The Courier's SUV speeds across the bridge, city skyline gleaming under a cloudy sky. He leaves the bridge, nearly rear ending a slower electric car.

At KST, Chloe and Kahu watch the chase on monitors via a drone feed.

KAHU
Chloe, he's driving like Kiwi Fast
and Furious!

Chloe notices a 1-2 second lag in the
feed, data stuttering.

CHLOE
(sharp)
Kahu, your feeds are off—something's
hogging server memory. Fix it, now.

KAHU
(nervous)
Right away, mate.

He types, but his hesitation hints at tampering.

Chloe refocuses on the drone.

Split-screen:

- Drone hovers
- Kahu sweats
- Chase intensifies.

Horns blare as the Courier weaves through traffic and swerves to the "Port" exit. Jack and Tane follow in the SUV. The road splits into two lanes.

The Courier, in the right lane, swerves hard left to the left lane in front of a car, nearly going head on into a cement divider. Jack swerves around the now spun 180 degrees car, almost a head on crash.

The chase roars under multiple overpasses and down a long exit ramp to The Strand.

The chase runs red lights, clips a scooter (minor crash, rider shaken), zooms under a railroad bridge and swerves through a right curve, a straightaway and a tight left curve before reaching Tamaki Drive.

The Courier swerves hard right through a red light onto Tamaki.

The chase continues past parked cars and pohutukawa trees. Jack and Tane's SUV almost gets sideswiped by a bus as they swerve through traffic.

TANE

This guy's driving like he's possessed!

Split-screen:

- SUV screeches
- Jack pursues
- Chloe/Kahu monitor drone feed.

On Tamaki Drive near Ngapipi Road, the Courier clips parked cars, loses control, crosses the right turn lane and smashes into the Ngapipi Bridge railing and the front of a sports car in the oncoming lane.

The SUV's front tires climb over the sports car hood and road railing. It's front bumper catches on the outer pedestrian railing causing the SUV to flip and tumble end over end into the inlet side of Whakatakataka Bay with a splash.

Jack screeches the KST SUV to a halt, leaping out.

The Courier swims out of the SUV toward shore.

Tane dives into the chilly water, swimming to the sinking SUV. He pries open the door, grabbing a waterproof laptop bag as water floods in.

Jack, on the shore, detains the dazed Courier, drags him up the embankment and cuffs him against the railing.

Next to the Courier is a post affixed with a weather faded bumper sticker of a Greenpeace ship and slogan; "Remember Rainbow Warrior".

JACK

You're done.

Tane emerges, dripping, handing Jack the laptop.

TANE

Got it—hope it's worth the swim.

Split-screen:

- Tane shakes water off
- Courier groans
- Chloe tracks the crash site.

On the shore, Jack interrogates the Courier, pinning him against the bridge railing.

JACK

(intense)

Where's the black box? Talk!

ELENA

(via comms, firm)

Jack, easy—we don't do torture here in New Zealand. You could face charges.

Jack exhales, adjusting, and grabs the Courier's arm, twisting it short of breaking.

JACK

I won't ask again.

COURIER

(wincing)

Gave it to a woman—petrol station, Wairau Valley.

(MORE)

COURIER (CONT'D)
Called herself Valerie Kerry.

JACK
(eyes narrow)
Valkyrie.
(via comms)
Chloe, check Wairau Valley petrol
station for the handoff.

Split-screen: Courier grimaces, Jack releases him, police sirens approach.

Chloe, at KST, analyzes the uplinked laptop and Courier's phone data, backtracing its last location to a Wairau Valley petrol station (SH1, north of Auckland).

She pulls CCTV footage, spotting the Courier handing the black box to a woman.

Chloe enhances the image, running facial recognition through international databases.

A match pings: Marie Warner.

She sends the data to Jack's tablet in the SUV.

JACK (CONT'D)
(driving, shocked)
This can't be right, Chloe. Marie
died in a prison riot and fire after
she got the death penalty for trying
to nuke Los Angeles.

CHLOE
It's her, Jack. Someone staged her
death, broke her out.

TANE
Odin's doing?

JACK
(grim)
Has to be.

Elena reaccesses her Tyrell/Rotoma cult farm data on a tablet.

ELENA
Chloe, does the Courier have any
connections to Rotoma?

Chloe brings up the phone data.

CHLOE

Yes he was there a few days ago.

ELENA

(over comms)

Jack, the Courier was in Rotoma at an Eclipse Order cult farm.

JACK

That ties together Marie, Tyrell and the Courier. That's our next lead.

ELENA

A chopper will be waiting for you at the airbase.

JACK

Understood.

Elena arranges an NH90 from RNZAF Whenuapai to Rotoma, site of the Eclipse Order cult farm.

Split-screen:

- Marie's face on tablet
- Chloe types
- Elena looks at data on ops screens.

In the Valhalla bunker, Harlan Voss watches monitors showing Gridfall's chaos: NZ blackouts, US grid failures, Christchurch attack.

He studies a statue of Idunn, Norse goddess of youth, next to a small replica tree with golden apples.

Harlan holds an apple, still attached to the tree, studies it and sips bourbon.

He sets down the bourbon and takes a small plastic wafer container out of his pocket. Harlan opens the replica apple and places the plastic wafer inside. He reseals the apple, picks up his glass and takes another drink.

HARLAN VOSS

(musing)

Chaos is the seed; Valhalla's the harvest.

His monitors flash "Odin" and "Valkyrie" comms.

Jack and Tane arrive at Whenuapai, boarding the chopper.

JACK
(to Tane)
Marie Warner's working for Odin. When
we hit Rotoma, we'll be one step
closer to her and 'Valhalla.'"

TANE
(checking rifle)
For the whenua, we end this.

Split screen:

- In DC, the Pentagon tracks Gridfall at DEFCON 4.
- The NH90 lifts off, rotors thumping toward Rotoma
- Harlan sips bourbon
- Elena briefs KST.

Chloe reports to Elena.

CHLOE
All of the evidence we found so far
indicates Marie's running Gridfall
ops for Odin. Rotoma's key.

Marie's helicopter continues to Rotorua

Hard cut to clock.

Hour 10 (3:00 PM - 4:00 PM)

Settings: NZDF NH90 chopper, KST Auckland, Rotorua safe house, Lake Rotoma(KST staging area).

Plot: Inside an NZDF NH90 chopper, blades hum over Bay of Plenty hills. Jack and Tane, in tactical gear, sit with KST agents and an iwi scout (Māori elder, korowai cloak, weathered face).

The scout briefs on a tablet, showing Lake Rotoma's cult farm-Gridfall's uplink hub, 20 miles from Whakatāne, steam vents rising from sacred Māori land.

JACK

How'd the cult take root?

SCOUT

They bought pā sites-sacred land to our people.

JACK

Isn't sacred land protected by your government?

TANE

It is, unless someone with deep pockets shows up, buys off the right people.

JACK

Like Odin.

(to Scout)

How much can you tell us about their current activities?

SCOUT

Our Iwi have been tracking their drones when they'd fly over our farms, scare our animals. We filed complaints but they were dismissed, considered a minor nuisance.

JACK

Anything else about them?

SCOUT

Aside from the drone flights, the cult keeps to themselves. No contact with outsiders.

JACK

I guess that's what we have to work with.

(to Scout)

You can tell us more about the drones when we land. Thank you.

The Scout nods.

Jack leans back, eyes scanning the chopper's steel interior. Tane, rifle across his lap, studies him.

TANE

(low, respectful)

I read your file, mate. You've been through a lot.

JACK

(half-smile, weary)

You don't know the half of it. It's either taking down the bad guys or being on the run. Sometimes people you trust turn out to be one of them.

Jack glances at Tane.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why'd you join KST?

TANE

(voice steady, eyes distant)

I was a police officer in Christchurch, 2019. A mate died in the mosque attacks. I responded, found his body among the victims.

He closes his eyes briefly, jaw tight.

TANE (CONT'D)

I got permission to notify his mum. That moment—I knew I had to stop any threat to Aotearoa.

Tane meets Jack's gaze.

TANE (CONT'D)

You don't know what it's like to see your mate dead in front of you like that.

JACK
(reflective, voice low)
If you know my full history, you'll
realize we have things like that in
common.

Split-screen:

- NH90 continues
- Aerial view of Rotoma's steaming fields
- Auckland's skyline fades.

Marie's private helicopter lands in Rotorua, sulfur air heavy.

She strides to a carpark, past tourist vans, and reaches under a black SUV's bumper, pulling a key fob from a hidden compartment. She unlocks the SUV, starts it, and drives off, Rotorua's haze in the mirror.

At KST Auckland, Chloe works a terminal, sat phone data linking Gridfall to "Valhalla." Monitors glow, showing Auckland's blacked out zones.

CHLOE
Gridfall's routing through a bunker—
codenamed Valhalla. New Zealand's PLC
(Power Line Communication) grid's the
backbone.

ELENA
Location?

CHLOE
Proxies are masking it—need more
time.

ELENA
(paces, eyes sharp)
Keep digging, Chloe. This is bigger
than Auckland.

Kahu mumbles about "office supplies," slipping into a supply room.

Split-screen: Chloe types, Elena scans KST screens, Kahu glances nervously.

Kahu takes Marie's encrypted call in the supply room, voice low.

Split Screen: Kahu and Marie.

MARIE
(driving in Rotorua)
Kahu, Aroha's surgery is funded—don't
let Chloe catch you.

KAHU
(tense, sweating)
I'm trying, Marie—for my girl, not to
hurt anyone.

MARIE
Focus on Aroha. One more delay, or
she's in Cedars-Sinai's morgue.

Kahu grabs pads of paper, sweating, and returns to the ops
room, avoiding Chloe's gaze.

Split-screen: Marie smirks as she drives up to a safehouse,
Kahu re-enters ops, Elena briefs SAS via comms.

In a Rotorua safehouse, Marie opens a black box, revealing
the Gridfall Override Device (GOD)—a sleek module, faintly
rune-etched. She plugs it into her laptop, typing commands.
Rotorua's Skyline cable cars freeze 50 feet up, 100 tourists
trapped, faces panicked.

KST gets a bulletin: Rotorua cable car hack. Chloe checks
the system, screens showing cars lurching, brakes released,
racing downhill at 60 kph toward the main drive building—
hundreds at risk.

CHLOE
Cable car's PLC system down—
Gridfall's signature.

KST ops buzzes—monitors flash, tourists scream, clinging to
rails. Chloe types fast, but KST servers lag. She glares at
Kahu.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Kahu, fix your data or I'm digging!

KAHU
Sorry, mate. No fancy American tech
here.

Chloe rolls her eyes, patches the system.

Split-screen:

- Cable cars speed
- Chloe battles code

- Marie counters via laptop
- A cyber duel with lives on the line.

Chloe's patch works—cars slow, brakes hum, returning to normal. Tourists exhale, safe.

Later, the KST ops screen detects a Gridfall cyberattack on California's grid (e.g., PG&E), tagged with false Russian IPs. San Francisco dims (split-screen).

Elena speaks to a Pentagon contact via monitor in ops.

CHLOE
Gridfall hit California's grid—
Russian IPs again."

PENTAGON CONTACT
(on screen)
Our cyber countermeasures are active.
Moscow continues to deny it.

ELENA
(fierce)
It's a setup—find the source before
war breaks out."

Split-screen:

- Pentagon war room buzzes
- California blacks out.

The NH90 lands at Lake Rotoma's KST staging area, a muddy clearing by the lake, steam rising. Jack, Tane, KST agents, and the iwi scout enter a rural shed—ammo crates, corrugated walls. SAS troops (black gear, rifles) prep.

The Scout approaches a map of the cult farm pinned to plywood hanging on the wall.

SCOUT
Two weeks ago a Maori boy trespassed
on to the property. The cultists
shot at him, chased him out but he
managed to get some pictures with his
phone.

The Scout pins two printed smart phone images to the map. One of a small shed with servers inside and an uplink dish on the roof. The other image is of small drones hovering around the shed.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Small remote controlled drones guard their servers—Gridfall's uplink.

JACK

Are those drones armed with explosives?

SCOUT

Yes, like the ones in Ukraine. One of them almost killed the Maori boy as he left the property.

TANE

(fuming)

Bastards targeting our tamariki. I assume he made it?

SCOUT

Yes. The boy barely escaped with his life.

JACK

(to team)

Then everyone here needs to take extra precautions. Avoid those drones at all costs. You get hit, you're dead. Riverhead led us here to end Gridfall. Odin's well laid plans are about to get ruined.

Split-screen:

- SAS load weapons
- Geothermal steam swirls
- Elena monitors from KST HQ.

Chloe flags another KST delay, eyeing Kahu.

CHLOE

Kahu, your systems are stalling—something's off.

Kahu nervously fidgets, gripping Aroha's photo. Chloe approaches.

KAHU

Sorry Chloe. Hard to concentrate when your daughter's life is on the line.

Chloe takes a deep breath, calms herself.

CHLOE
(reassuring)
I'll cut you some slack. I know
you're worried about Aroha's
operation but you need to focus, OK?

KAHU
(nods apologetically, eyes
glistening)
Sorry.

CHLOE
Don't worry about it.

Chloe returns to her station, glances back at Kahu with
concern.

Marie texts Kahu: "Delay Chloe."

Split-screen:

- Chloe types
- Kahu sweats
- Cable car tourists depart safely
- Pentagon screens show blackouts
- Elena resolute at KST.

The HUM of multiple drones echoes faintly throughout Rotoma
and the surrounding countryside.

JACK
They're ready for us.

Cut to clock.

Hour 11 (4:00 PM - 5:00 PM)

Settings: Rotoma (cult farm), Auckland KST HQ, private jet to Wellington.

Plot: A remote farm near Rotoma, a cult stronghold with a server hub for Gridfall's uplinks.

Jack and Tane travel in the chopper from the Lake Rotoma staging area.

A private jet traverses the skies over the North Island. Tyrell sits in the passenger area, talking on the phone to Voss.

Split-screen: Tyrell and Voss

HARLAN VOSS

Your efforts in thwarting KST have been lackluster, Loki. You lost the compound and the uplink in Riverhead.

TYRELL

We never counted on Jack Bauer interfering with our plans. This was supposed to be a perfect operation with no glitches.

HARLAN VOSS

No operation is perfect. Any true operative worth their salt anticipates unforeseen circumstances. Maybe I need someone else to do the job.

TYRELL

Odin, I'm the true light of Ragnarok. Gridfall's my vision, not yours. I invented it and you supplied the financing.

HARLAN VOSS

I also paid for your son's funeral, when you were out of your mind with grief and couldn't pay the bills.

Tyrell shuts his eyes, pain on his face relieving the memory.

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)

Shut down the AI company that failed him. You'd be broken without me.

TYRELL
(clenching fist)
I'm not your pawn.

HARLAN VOSS
Odin sacrifices all, even himself,
for Ragnarok. If you're true to the
cause, you'll do the same. Right,
Loki?

TYRELL
(reluctant)
Yes.

HARLAN VOSS
Good. Keep the drones live and get
to Wellington. When the jobs done
there, I'll send a chopper to pick
you up. Gridfall's our reckoning.

Tyrell hangs up. He calls his Cult Contact at Rotoma.

TYRELL
Launch the drones. Protect the uplink
at all costs. And while you're at
it, get my digital drive, before you
leave.

CULT CONTACT
I have it right here.

The Cult contact holds up the drive.

TYRELL
We may need it to reign in Odin.

At the cult farm, dozens of solar powered HAPS(High-altitude Pseudo Satellite) drones begin launching from a field, their hum echoing over the landscape. They launch vertically with a single propeller, similar to the US Navy's Airbus Flexrotor vertical takeoff/landing (VTOL) drones. Once they reach a high altitude they tilt horizontal, briefly dive and fly like UAVs (Unmanned Aerial Vehicles).

Jack and Tane arrive via NH90 chopper as drones lift off.

They face resistance, small armed mini-drones with explosives dive bombing and cult mercenaries shooting.

An explosive laden mini-drone zooms at Jack like a wasp ready to sting. He runs toward a large dump truck.

Jack waits until the drone is heading straight for him. He drops and rolls under the truck to the other side, the drone EXPLODING against the dump box, shrapnel just missing.

Another mini-drone slams into a KST agent trying to take cover behind a cattle feeder and DETONATES. He disappears in an explosion and white smoke. His tactical helmet hurls through the air, tumbles on the ground.

The Cult Contact tries to make run for it and is killed in the crossfire between KST agents and cult mercenaries. The digital drive falls to the ground next to his body.

Tane is injured by shrapnel when he shoots a mini-drone and it EXPLODES.

The larger HAPS drone swarm continues flying higher and higher into the sky, spreading out, individual drones flying off to distant parts of New Zealand.

Chloe, at KST HQ, tracks the drone swarm's signals, confirming it's a Gridfall backup network.

CHLOE

Jack, the drone swarm is Gridfall's new backbone-like Starlink for malware. It reroutes to other uplinks if this one fails.

JACK

Can New Zealand's air force shoot them down?

CHLOE

Sorry Jack. New Zealand scrapped their fighter jets over twenty five years ago.

Jack quietly mutters "Dammit!".

JACK

Keep tracking them, Chloe.

The KST ops screen shows the drone network increasing altitude and spreading out.

Jack finds a digital drive with encrypted files next to the dead cult contact. He hands it to a KST technician who plugs the hard drive into an uplink back to KST.

Jack and Tane physically disable the Gridfall uplink by cutting it's power.

Police cars arrive on the scene, supplementing KST personnel.

At KST HQ, Elena watches Chloe decrypt data from the digital drive via the KST uplink, including archived footage. It's displayed on a large screen.

CHLOE

Jack, I'm decrypting archived video from the drive. Sending it to your phone.

Jack looks at his phone. Video footage shows Andrew Tyrell meeting with Odin; Harlan Voss.

At KST, Elena can't believe her eyes.

ELENA

Oh my God.

CHLOE

What's wrong Elena? You know him?

ELENA

He's my father.

JACK

(over comms)

Your father?

ELENA

(pained)

Yes

JACK

Any idea why he's doing this?

ELENA

He wasn't the same after my Mum died. She held us together. After she passed, it tore us apart.

Elena's words completely resonate with Jack's subtle pained expression, clearly thinking of his late wife Teri and daughter Kim.

JACK

I know the feeling.

ELENA

Now I'll have to brief the Prime Minister myself, in person, to explain this. I may have to step down."

JACK

I trust you, Elena. You can do this.

Chloe discovers Tyrell kept secret recordings of meetings with Harlan Voss.

CHLOE

Jack, there's more on the drive.
Looks like Tyrell may have kept
recordings of all of his meetings
with Voss. Probably for blackmail.
They're all heavily encrypted. It'll
take a while to download and decrypt.

Kahu overhears and covertly sends this info to Marie via text message who in turn sends it to Harlan.

JACK

Keep working on it Chloe.

Elena turns to Chloe and Kahu.

ELENA

Chloe, Kahu, I'm going to Wellington
to tender my resignation. I need
the two of you to come along with me.

KAHU

(hesitant)

What for Elena? We have things set
up perfectly here. There's no
need...

CHLOE

(sternly)

Let her finish Kahu.

Kahu quiets, subtle annoyance on his face.

ELENA

It's OK Chloe, Kahu was making a
point about this being abrupt and
disruptive.

She nods to Kahu, he acknowledges.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Anyways, the two of you can keep
working on the jet then set up in
Wellington. All of the new threats
appear to be moving South. Better
if you're there dealing with them
directly. Get your laptops.

Chloe and Kahu gather laptops and some personal items; Chloe—her picture of Morris and Prescott, Kahu—a photo of Aroah.

At the Rotoma farm, Jack checks on Tane, his injury being treated by a medic.

JACK

Are you going to be OK?

TANE

Sure Jack. Got worse cuts than this working on a farm as a kid.

On the roof of KST, Elena, Chloe and Kahu board a helicopter bound for the RNZAF airbase outside Auckland.

Marie uses the Gridfall Override Device with her laptop to send a spoofed text message from Tyrell.

Underneath the crawlspace of a farm building two cultists hide from KST. Their phone buzzes. The spoofed text message from Marie posing as Tyrell reads; "Recover the drive."

The KST technician makes some adjustments to the KST uplink to improve the signal.

A Cultist sneaks up and SHOOTs the KST technician in the back of the head. They steal the digital drive.

Alerted by the gunshot, Jack and Tane see the cultists in the distance running to a police car with the drive. The cultists SHOOT two police officers, steal a police car and speed off.

Split Screen:

— Jack and Tane run to the other police car and jump in, Jack driving.

— Elena, Chloe, and Kahu board a jet at the air base

— Marie Warner follows the chase in her own vehicle

— Gridfall's progress on Harlan's bunker screen.

Jack chases after the cultists in the police car on Highway 30 toward Whakatāne.

Cut to clock.

Hour 12 (5:00 PM - 6:00 PM)

Settings: Whakatāne Marae, Wellington flat, KST Jet, White House Situation Room

Plot: The sun casts golden light over Whakatāne, high above the western horizon.

Jack and Tane, in a police car, pursue the cultists' stolen police car on Highway 30 at top speed into Whakatane.

On Muriwai Drive, the cultists weave into oncoming traffic to pass a slow truck, overshoot a side street turn, and crash into a small tree. The car won't restart.

The cultists, clutching the digital drive, flee on foot.

Jack/Tane screech to a halt, exiting as the cultists storm a Whakatāne marae.

Split-screen: Cultists sprint, Jack/Tane pursue, marae's carved entrance looms.

The cultists, brandishing handguns, burst through the marae's front door, interrupting a workshop (10-15 elders and community members).

CULTIST 1

(gruff)

Everyone sit still, and no one gets hurt!

Hostages freeze, eyes wide, near intricate taonga carvings (koru, tiki figures).

Jack and Tane approach but duck behind a clump of trees next to the street when Cultist 2 fires from the doorway.

Jack draws his gun, aiming.

Tane, furious, grabs the barrel.

TANE

(intense, eyes blazing)

No!

JACK

(frustrated)

Dammit, I had him! Let go!

The cultist ducks inside.

Split-screen:

- Hostages tremble
- Tane glares
- Jack relents.

Outside the Marae, local iwi in Whakatane gather in anger over the violation of the marae's sanctity—a sacred space central to Maori culture, where whaikōrero (oratory), pōwhiri (welcomes), and tangihanga (funerals) occur, embodying mana (prestige) and tūrangawaewae (sense of belonging).

Local police struggle to hold back the crowd, risking a powder keg amid historical iwi-resident tensions (e.g., New Zealand Wars).

The KST NH90 helicopter lands a block away in a car park.

Inside the Marae, Tyrell's cultists keep their guns trained on the hostages. One stands near the window, peeking out.

CULTIST 2
How are getting out of here?

CULTIST 1
Don't know. I'll try to reach Loki.

Split-screen: Cultist and Marie Warner

The cultist dials Tyrell's number, busy signal.

He types a text message.

Marie, in her parked car near Whakatāne intercepts the phone's text message with the Gridfall Override Device.

Cultist - "Loki. Trapped in Whakatane marae. Send help."

Marie types spoofed reply - "Stay there. Protect drive. If Bauer's there, kill him. - Loki"

Outside the marae, Jack angrily grabs weapons from the police car.

JACK
(to Tane)
If we're going to be working
together, don't ever pull that stunt
again!

TANE (CONT'D)

(firm)

A marae's not a warehouse you can storm, Jack. It's sacred.

JACK

Tyrell's cultists have a treasure trove of information on that drive. We need it to take down Voss and Gridfall. They also have hostages that could die at any moment.

TANE

(calmer)

Jack, you're new here. Things work differently. I'll speak to the kaumatua.

Split-screen: Iwi chant, police form a line, marae's carvings gleam.

In Wellington, Tyrell ducks into a drab flat. Two hooded cultists, Eclipse Order diehards greet him at the door.

A table is littered with blueprints: generic office schematics (ducts, rooms-purpose murky).

Cleaning uniforms are draped over chairs, ID's clipped to shirts.

Cult pamphlets stacked nearby; Tyrell fiddles with his burner phone.

CULTIST 3

(unfurling plans)

Odin's command; job kicks in two hours. Breach and ignite.

Tyrell eyes blueprints, suspicion gnawing—Odin's sidelining stings.

TYRELL

(tense, under breath)

He's icing me out... but Ragnarok's my storm.

Tyrell's conviction surges. He dials his Rotoma contact. No pickup.

Split-screen: Tyrell and Marie

— Tyrell Texts: "Wellington meet, bring drive. Apartment. Critical."

– Marie in her parked vehicle near Whakatāne, laptop and Gridfall Override Device locked on phone's GPS. She spoofs the response.

– Text pings on Tyrell's phone–Spoofed Reply: "Drive ready, en route to you."

Tyrell relaxes fractionally, rejoining cultists.

TYRELL (CONT'D)
Game's afoot. Valhalla awaits us.

Split screen:

– Huddle intensifies over plans

– Marie smirks and drives away.

Outside the gated entrance of the marae, Tane approaches kaumatua KUI HINE (60s, weathered, exuding authority), standing with iwi elders near the marae's perimeter.

TANE
(respectful, in Māori)
Kui Hine, tēnā koe. Ko Tane tēnei.
We seek entry to save the hostages
and protect the marae's mana.

KUI HINE
(stern, assessing)
This is tapu ground, Tane. The taonga
inside–carvings, tukutuku panels–are
our ancestors' legacy. Can you honor
tikanga?

TANE
(nodding)
Ae, we will. I swear it on my
whakapapa.

KUI HINE
(pausing, eyes sharp)
I must discuss this with the other
Iwi first.

On the KST jet, Chloe monitors the high altitude drone signals spiking on NZ's PLC (Power Line Communication) grid with a laptop.

CHLOE
These drones are hitting Black Start
plants in New Zealand. They're
modifying Gridfall's attacks on the
US.

Kahu, using his own laptop, monitors a drone feed, his face tense.

KAHU

The drones just passed 20,000 meters.
Nothing will shoot them down now.

CHLOE

(snapping)
How far?

KAHU

(dry, taking the piss out of the
Imperial system)
12 miles in yank freedom units, mate.

CHLOE

(annoyed, rolls eyes)
Yeah, got it.

KAHU

(guarded)
Now they're masking signals... I'll try
narrowing the band.

He inputs a command that subtly delays the signal, causing a flicker on Chloe's screen.

CHLOE

(irritated)
Kahu, keep it tight—we're losing
time.

KAHU

(nods, mutters)
Whānau first...

Split-screen: Jack/Tane at the marae, Chloe types, Kahu's jaw clenches, a high altitude drone glints in the sunlight high above Taupo.

At the Marae, Jack talks to Elena over comms.

JACK

Seems like there's lot of hoops we
have to jump through to recover that
drive.

ELENA

The Maori are very protective of
their cultural heritage. If this
situation goes bad, it's a disaster
for the government—could spark iwi
unrest nationwide.

JACK

Guess that explains Tane's reaction.

ELENA

Yes. Please don't be angry at him.
This is very important to Tane.

Jack watches Tane continue his negotiation as the Iwi elders converse, occasionally glancing at him.

At the Situation Room in the White House in Washington DC, President Hastings, grim, faces his National Security team.

A monitor shows US grid outages (New York, California). NSA Director Gabby Bard briefs:

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

New intel confirms Russian IPs hitting Black Start facilities—hydro and gas plants critical for grid recovery. New Zealand's reporting similar attacks. They appear to be a testing ground.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Explain what a "black start" facility is so all of us can be on the same page.

A DOE Advisor steps up, using a touchscreen monitor with animated graphics (a grid map showing power plants and substations):

DOE ADVISOR

Mr. President, Black Start facilities are power plants that restart the grid after a blackout. They energize transmission lines—using switchgear to stabilize voltage—allowing other plants to sync without crashing the system. Power ramps up gradually: government, utilities, emergency services, manufacturing, then homes. Without Black Starts, the grid stays dead. We're talking Stone Age.

Graphics: The monitor shows a hydro plant (e.g., Huntly in NZ or Bonneville in the US) activating switchgear, lines lighting up, and substations syncing, with labels for "Government," "Hospitals," and "Residential" phasing in.

National Security Advisor, Dr. Leonard Gilmartin, 70's, gray hair, glasses, chimes in.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
And if that happens, we're talking
civil unrest, riots and looting as
well a millions of Americans freezing
to death in the middle of winter.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(grim)
So the Russians want us in the dark-
permanently.

DOE ADVISOR
Yes, sir. New Zealand's grid-80%
renewable, heavy on hydro-uses
similar Black Start plants. They're
hitting both our grids.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Is this a prelude to a larger attack
on the United States?"

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Our assessment's leaning in that
direction, sir. But we should wait
for more evidence. We don't want to
jump the gun.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(subtly dismissive)
No one's jumping here. We're
following the evidence and it all
points at Russia.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Mr. President we can't be 100 percent
sure.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
With all due respect to the NSA
Director, we already have all the
evidence we need. NORAD's currently
tracking Russian naval movements in
the Pacific. Recommend going to
DEFCON 3 to signal we're serious.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(pausing, resolute)
Approved. But get me proof this is
Moscow, not some shadow play.

Hastings leaves the room. NSA Director Bard takes
Gilmartin aside.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
What the hell was that?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
It's called doing my job.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Dismissing intel is your job? Why
are you pushing for a confrontation
with the Russians?"

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
Making sure America stays on top.
Stick to your threat analysis
algorithms and let the pros handle
national security. Otherwise you'll
be on the bottom.

Gilmartin leaves, dickish smirk on his face. NSA Director
Bard quietly fumes.

Outside the gates of the marae, Kui Hine approaches Tane,
gives him the go ahead.

Tane signals Jack, who approaches and respectfully nods to
Kui Hine.

JACK
So what's the play here?

TANE
(to Jack)
We can go in on two conditions; no
guns and no boots. We must honor
tikanga.

JACK
Whatever it takes to get that drive.

TANE
And we have to be careful not to
damage anything.

JACK
Understood. In order to pull this
off we're going to need a
distraction.

TANE
Already taken care of.

Tane nods toward several Iwi gathering in an organized group
on the grounds outside the marae.

Jack and Tane stash their guns and boots outside the marae's perimeter, preparing to infiltrate via the back entrance.

KUI HINE
(to Tane)
You carry the taiaha's
spirit. Go, but guard our whenua.

Tane nods.

Split-screen:

- Kui Hine watches
- Iwi murmur
- Jack and Tane make their way to the back entrance.

Outside the marae, a group of Māori begins the KA MATE HAKA, joined by other iwi, their stomps and chants echoing as a unified challenge to distract the cultists.

IWI CROWD
(intense)
Kikiki! Kakaka!
Kauana kei waniwania taku tara
kei tarawahia, kei te rua i te
kerokero!

On the KST jet to Wellington, Elena types on a laptop. Chloe monitors the situation in Whakatane with her laptop, handing off the high altitude drone monitoring to Kahu;

IWI CROWD (CONT'D)
(over streaming video)
He pounga rahui te uira
ka rarapa ketekete kau ana
To peru kairiri mau au e koro e!

CHLOE
Is that the haka?

ELENA
Yes, a Māori challenge—reclaiming
their sacred space.

Elena returns her focus to her laptop, writing a letter of resignation.

Jack and Tane sneak through the marae's back entrance, barefoot, moving silently past tukutuku panels and taonga carvings.

Inside, Cultist 1 paces near hostages (elders praying softly), clutching a gun and the drive, confused by the commotion outside.

CULTIST 1
What the hell's that?"

Cultist 2 guards the front, handgun ready but distracted by the haka taking place outside.

IWI CROWD
(off screen)
Hi! Ha! - Ka wehi au ka matakana,
ko wai te tangata kia rere ure
tirohanga
ngā rua rerarera
ngā rua kuri kakanui i raro! Aha ha!

CULTIST 2
Insanity.

Jack signals Tane, who nods, eyes fierce.

Jack creeps behind a carved pou (pillar), spotting Cultist 1 near the hostages. He lunges, grabbing the cultist's arm, twisting it to drop the gun, and delivers a precise elbow strike to the temple, knocking him out.

IWI CROWD
(off screen)
Ka mate, ka mate! Ka ora, ka ora!
Ka mate, ka mate! Ka ora, ka ora!

The gun skids, but Tane catches it before it hits a taonga carving.

Simultaneously, Cultist 2 hears the noise, turning from the front door.

IWI CROWD (CONT'D)
(off screen)
Tēnei te tangata pūhuru
Nāna nei i tiki mai whakawhiti te rā

Tane sprints, tackling him low to avoid damaging a tukutuku panel, pinning his arms and slamming his head against the floor (soft mat, preserving taonga).

IWI CROWD (CONT'D)
(off screen)
Ā, upane! ka upane!
Ā, upane, ka upane, whiti te rā!

Suddenly it goes quiet outside.

JACK
(checks hostages)
You're safe.

Tane ensures no carvings are harmed, touching a koru pattern reverently.

Split-screen:

- Hostages sigh
- Iwi crowd outside cools down
- Cultists lie unconscious
- Jack recovers the digital drive from Cultist 1's jacket.

Jack walks out the front door of the marae with the drive, Tane next to him, carrying the cultists guns. He earns nods from the Iwi—a rare sign of respect. Jack acknowledges them.

Jack and Tane put their boots and gun belts back on.

The Iwi drag the unconscious cultists like rubbish outside the perimeter of the marae to waiting police officers.

Kui Hine nods approval of Jack's success.

KUI HINE
You honored the marae's mana. The
Iwi will remember. Thank you.

JACK
(respectfully)
Everyone survived. That's what
counts.

Jack and Tane walk to the NH90 helicopter down the street, it's rotors revved up. They get in the chopper and it lifts off.

Marie watches through binoculars from a nearby street. She gets in her car, drives away and calls Harlan.

MARIE
I'm on my way to the airport. I
should be in Blenheim in a couple of
hours.

HARLAN VOSS
What about the digital drive?

MARIE

Bauer has the drive thanks to Loki's incompetent leadership.

Harlan eats a light dinner at his bunker, a fresh glass of bourbon nearby.

HARLAN VOSS

I'll take care of it. Loki's poor tradecraft will seal his fate.

Marie smiles, her setup of Tyrell working perfectly.

Split screen:

- The KST jet lands in Wellington
- Elena, Chloe and Kahu step out and walk to a waiting SUV
- Harlan eating dinner
- Marie driving.
- The DOE Advisor highlights a New Zealand outage (Taupo)
- The chopper carrying Jack and Tane flies toward Wellington.

Back at the White House, President Hastings stares at a grid map in the Situation Room, pondering WIII risks.

Gilmartin approaches.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

Looking Glass ready for take off Mr. President.

An E-6B Mercury, the airborne command and control plane for U.S. Nuclear forces, departs Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska.

PILOT

(comms)

TACAMO airborne. Looking Glass mission active.

Cut to clock.

Hour 13 (6:00 PM - 7:00 PM)

Settings: Wellington, KST base, Whakatāne airport, NH90 chopper (en route to Wellington) Beehive, Parliament.

Plot: Elena, Chloe and Kahu arrive at the Wellington KST base, a modern office with a NZ flag and a framed Waitangi Treaty photo.

The regional director at the base informs Elena that the Prime Minister is here to see her.

Chloe and Kahu get set up at work stations, plug their laptops into terminals to continue their work.

Kahu monitors Gridfall's high altitude drone signals on a map, showing North Island grid disruptions.

KAHU
(to Chloe, guarded)
Gridfall's drones are spoofing IPs—
could crash Wellington's grid, mate.

He adjusts a firewall but plants a corrupted packet, causing a brief signal drop.

CHLOE
Kahu, isolate those IPs—Voss is
playing us!

KAHU
(fists clenched, whispering)
For my girl...

Split-screen: Jack/Tane in the NH90, Chloe decodes, Kahu hesitates, a high altitude Gridfall drone circles above Wellington.

PM Simon Caldwell awaits in a secure meeting room. Elena steps into the room holding a letter.

ELENA
(shaken)
Prime Minister, my father is 'Odin'—
Harlan Voss. He's running Gridfall
from a bunker he calls 'Valhalla,' to
spark a global war.
(hands Caldwell her resignation
letter)
As his daughter, it's clear that I'm
compromised. I'm tendering my
resignation.

PM CALDWELL

(steady but empathetic, pushing the letter back)

Elena, hold on. Offering to step down shows you're top-notch, not compromised. Your integrity's why New Zealand needs you leading KST.

(approaches, gently clasps her shoulders, reassuring)

Your father's sins aren't yours—you're the one to stop him. Will you carry the can for us?

ELENA

(pausing, nodding, resolute)

For the country, sir, I'll see it through.

PM CALDWELL

That's the spirit. Get to 'Valhalla' and end this. The nation's got your back.

ELENA

Going back to the Beehive?

PM CALDWELL

Yeah, Parliament is debating their response to today's attacks. I'm due to address them and the country in the next half hour.

Caldwell leaves.

At the Whakatāne Airport, Marie is inside a small, private jet; a Cessna CJ Citation. It takes off.

The NH90 hums through the sky, an 80 km tailwind pushing it faster toward Wellington.

Jack, in tactical gear, checks the digital drive's uplink cable, secured to a console.

Tane gazes at the North Island's rugged silhouette below. Rotor thumps underscore the tension.

JACK

(turning, earnest)

Tane, I owe you an apology. At the marae, I misjudged you—thought you were slowing us down. You made the right call, stopping me from shooting. That place... it's sacred.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You saved it from turning into a
bloodbath.

TANE

(eyes steady, voice calm)
No worries, Jack. You're not from
here—takes time to understand our
ways. The marae's our heart, our
tūrangawaewae. Kui Hine trusted us to
protect its mana, and we did.

JACK

(nodding, respectful)
You educated me on Māori culture—
tikanga, the carvings, the stakes.
Without you, we'd have lost the
hostages, the drive, maybe more.
Thank you.

TANE

(small smile, extending hand)
A humble warrior's a wise warrior,
Jack. You've got heart—reminds me of
our toa, our fighters, who carried
the taiaha with honor.

They shake hands firmly, a bond forged.

The helicopter continues flying over Lake Taupo with the
volcanoes on the lake's South end in the distance.

PM Caldwell strides purposefully from Beehive's cabinet wing
toward Parliament House, briefcase in hand, flanked by a
single aide, footsteps echoing on polished marble.

In an adjacent service hall, freight elevator doors hiss
open; three "cleaning employees" in maintenance uniforms
with a laden cart (mops, chemicals masking tools) step in.

The lead figure among them, hair tucked under cap, janitor
vest loose—pauses at threshold, glancing sideways with
calculated subtlety: eye catches Caldwell's back. It's
Tyrell.

The two cultists from Wellington flat avert faces, wheeling
cart. Caldwell oblivious, turns corner.

Elevator doors slide shut; Tyrell's gaze lingers via
reflection in a polished wall.

PM Caldwell walks into the Parliament Building, approaching
the Parliament chamber.

Televisions in KST show live coverage from all of New Zealand's TV networks. They announce that the PM has entered the chambers and is slated to speak soon about the day's events.

Chloe decrypts more files from Tyrell's digital drive.

CHLOE

Elena, I just decrypted a folder full of files from Tyrell's drive. Some look like construction blueprints.

ELENA

Put it on the screen.

On the screen a blueprint for the Beehive and the Parliament Building appears.

CHLOE

There's video and audio files but they'll take a little longer to decrypt.

ELENA

Hopefully not too long.

Beside the screen showing the blueprints, a second screen shows Prime Minister Caldwell beginning his speech.

Forceful, gripping the lectern in the debating chamber, adorned with a NZ flag and kowhaiwhai patterns.

PM CALDWELL

Fellow New Zealanders, today's attacks—Sky Tower, the Marlborough ferry, Christchurch—have hit us hard. These are deliberate strikes on our way of life. But we're Kiwis—we don't buckle. Your government's working round the clock to sort this mess and bring those responsible to justice.

Members of Parliament applaud.

Chloe gets a ping on unusual Gridfall crypto transactions from an unknown Wellington source. She traces them to a phone.

CHLOE

Elena, I just traced Gridfall to a phone here in Wellington.

ELENA

Any idea who owns that phone?

Chloe brings up the data. Hana's picture appears on the screen.

Elena immediately uses her phone to call Hana. She gets "not in service" message.

Split-screen:

– Chloe at KST

– Elena concerned and calling again

– Hana walking near Victoria University

– Hana's phone silently sending micro-payments (\$0.01 Bitcoin) via Bluetooth to nearby phones (e.g., students, commuters on Lambton Quay).

In the "Valhalla" bunker Harlan listens to Marie (on a secure line) overseeing Gridfall's hack.

MARIE

(on phone)

Her phone's broadcasting crypto payments. We've got a grid-50 meters, closing. The money you deposited in her account is working.

HARLAN VOSS

(clutching a Norse rune pendant)

Bring my granddaughter to me.

At KST;

CHLOE

Hana's being tracked. Someone's after her.

ELENA

Can you find her on traffic cams?

CHLOE

On it.

Split Screen:

– On Harlan's screen Gridfall maps the receiving phones' Bluetooth signals, pinpointing Hana to a 5-meter radius near Courtenay Place.

– Mercenaries in a black SUV track her via a tablet displaying the grid.

Chloe finds a live traffic cam near Hana's location.

As Hana exits a café, the SUV pulls up. A mercenary grabs her, shoving her into the vehicle as she screams.

Chloe and Elena see Hana abducted via traffic cam.

Elena's face hardens just as Chloe's computer finishes decoding video.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Elena, I know this is bad timing but
the video from Tyrell's drive just
decrypted."

Elena, hand to her forehead, deals with the cognitive dissonance of Hana's kidnapping and the continuation of her duties.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Elena?

ELENA
Uh, yeah Chloe. Play it.

The video shows the placement of explosives in the Beehive and Parliament buildings by Tyrell's cultists.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Any idea when's this supposed to
happen?

Chloe plays a decrypted audio file of a phone call between Tyrell and Harlan.

TYRELL
(on recording)
The charges have been placed as you
asked. What's the timetable?

HARLAN VOSS
(on recording)
Same day as Gridfall. Parliament and
the Prime Minister will be working
overtime responding to us. That's
when we strike.

ELENA
How did they get the bombs in there
past security?

KAHU
There was maintenance work on the
Beehive and Parliament last month.

CHLOE

Forged IDs according to this other
file.

A false Beehive security credential for Tyrell is on the
screen.

ELENA

Pre-planted bombs. This was in the
works for a while.
(distracted)
Hana.

Elena's concern for Hana and the bomb revelation switches to
shock when Harlan suddenly appears on KST's main screen,
obviously using Gridfall to hack their system.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Dad? Were you behind Hana's
kidnapping?

HARLAN VOSS

Yes, and she'll be safe as long as
you let the Beehive and Parliament
fall. I know you found the plan.

ELENA

Please, let her go, she has nothing
to do with this.

HARLAN VOSS

Once the government's gone, I'll take
control in the chaos and be the new
leader. Then I'll let her go."

Harlan closes the connection.

Elena, resolve tested, calls Jack.

Jack, still on the chopper takes the call. Tane sits beside
him going over tactical contingencies on a tablet.

ELENA

Jack, my father is about to launch
another attack.

JACK

Where?

ELENA

The Beehive and the Parliament.
He's going to decapitate the
government and take over.

JACK

Have you warned them yet?

Elena pauses, sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Elena?

ELENA

He's got my daughter.

JACK

We'll get her back.

Tyrell's fake ID red flags on Chloe's workstation—timestamp: logged in an hour ago, Beehive service access.

CHLOE

(urgent, keying Elena)

Elena. Tyrell's in the Beehive!

ELENA

(tense)

Find him, Chloe. Now.

Chloe launches facial recognition—scans Beehive CCTV feeds, pinging Tyrell's face in service corridors.

Cams show Tyrell, cap low, rallying cultists near elevator.

CHLOE

(over comms to Jack)

Jack. Tyrell's inside the Beehive—he's running the C4!

JACK

We're almost there. Elena, sound the alarm, now!

TANE

Voss is attacking our land, our family, our way of life.

JACK

He'll do what it takes to accomplish his goals. So will we with ours.

Jack checks his pistol's mag, eyes the rounds, slaps it back in.

Elena picks up the phone and calls security at the Beehive And Parliament.

ELENA

(urgent)

This is Elena Voss at KST. There's an immediate threat against the Beehive and Parliament. This is NOT a drill. Evacuate now.

Elena hangs up, looks at the monitors in OPs.

PM CALDWELL

(on TV)

To every victim, every family affected—New Zealand stands with you. We'll make sure you're looked after, get you back on your feet. We'll stand tall, pull together, and damn well show the world what—

ALARMS blare, cutting him off as Elena's evacuation order takes effect. MPs(Members of Parliament) scramble, cameras capture chaos.

Elena quickly grabs her jacket, runs for the front door.

ELENA

(to Chloe, Kahu)

I'm going on site to coordinate the evacuation! Stay here and monitor things!

Chloe and Kahu nod.

Elena runs out of OPs to KST's carpark.

ALARMS continue blaring at the Beehive and Parliament buildings. Order gives way to pandemonium and disarray.

Split screens:

- Beehive/Parliament evacuation
- Caldwell being rushed to a vehicle by his security team
- Jack and Tane approaching Wellington in the chopper, approximately five minutes out
- Hana taken by helicopter to Blenheim on the South Island by Harlan's mercs
- Elena in a KST SUV with flashing police lights racing to the Beehive followed by emergency vehicles

– Tyrell and cultists, dressed as maintenance workers shooting security guards trying to evacuate their location on the 9th floor.

Tyrell calls Harlan on the phone.

TYRELL

Odin, we cleared out the security on the 9th floor like you asked. No one will interfere with the plan. When's the chopper getting here?

Harlan types some commands into his keyboard.

HARLAN VOSS

In the beginning Loki, you were a useful asset, but your chaotic actions have become a liability. Bombing the Marlborough ferry, your people's failure to destroy evidence at the Rotoma farm, your secret recordings of our meetings and the fact your digital drive fell into KSTs hands and compromised my identity. Were you hoping to blackmail me?

Tyrell's face twists into a confused, WTF expression at the mention of the digital drive.

TYRELL

The chopper! When's it coming?"

The timers on the C-4 charges and a remote detonator for the charges in the Parliament building activate, their screens indicating 15 minutes.

HARLAN VOSS

Further participation in today's events are no longer required. You served your purpose.

Harlan cuts the call and hits the "enter" key. The timers count down from 15:00

TYRELL

Odin! ODIN!"

HARD CUT to clock.

Hour 14 (7:00 PM - 8:00 PM)

Settings: Wellington, Beehive/Parliament, Wellington Airport

Plot: Jack and Tane's chopper lands in the middle of an intersection near the Beehive.

They quickly approach and infiltrate the Beehive's corridors, navigating evacuating MPs, Beehive staff.

Elena, on-site, coordinates evacuation, suppressing panic over Hana.

 ELENA
 (to evacuees)
 Go! Go!

Elena sees Jack and Tane.

 ELENA (CONT'D)
 Jack! Tane!

 JACK
 Where's the bombs?

Elena pulls out her KST issue phone.

 ELENA
 Chloe sent the blueprints and charge locations.

Jack holds Elena's phone looking at the info.

 ELENA (CONT'D)
 There's three primary charges on the ninth floor and control module for the explosives in the Parliament. It's enough to bring both buildings down.

 JACK
 Do you have another copy of this?

Tane pulls his phone, checks it.

 ELENA
 Chloe sent it to Tane's phone.

 TANE
 (checks his phone)
 Got it Jack.

Jack hands Elena's phone back.

JACK
(to Tane)
Let's go.

Jack and Tane run for the stairs.

Chloe hacks Beehive cams, finds Tyrell on the 9th floor;
Kahu feeds partial intel (mole hint).

Jack and Tane run up the stairs to the 9th floor, guns
drawn.

Tyrell, face filled with fury and betrayal, calms himself.
He slowly turns to the other cultists.

TYRELL
Regardless of what Odin said, we make
sure this happens. Loki will be the
true light of Ragnarok.

The cultists agree. Tyrell breaks glass on a small door in
the wall, pulls a fire axe, holds it in a menacing fashion.

TYRELL (CONT'D)
This is our ticket to Valhalla.

Jack and Tane locate two C4 detonator charges and the
control module on the 9th floor stashed behind a wall panel.

From a hallway, they spot Tyrell in the Prime Minister's
office standing over a removable panel in the floor. He
guards the third C-4 charge with the axe, ranting:

TYRELL (CONT'D)
Gridfall will purge this corrupt
system! Ragnarok will happen!

The two remaining cultists try to ambush Jack and Tane in a
flanking maneuver from either end of the hallway.

TANE
Jack, watch out!

Jack and Tane drop to the floor, dodging GUNSHOTS.

In the firefight, Tane throws his taiaha like a spear
impaling one cultist in the chest. Jack kills the other
cultist with a head shot.

Jack and Tane get up, aiming their guns at Tyrell.

JACK
It's over Tyrell! Give us Voss and
you live through this!

TYRELL

In a cage? I'd rather take you with me!

Tyrell lifts the axe high above his head, aiming for the C-4 charge.

JACK

DROP IT!

TYRELL

TECHNOLOGY ENDS TONIGHT!"

Tyrell swings the axe with all of his might.

Jack and Tane MAG DUMP Tyrell in the chest, the axe barely missing the C-4 charge.

Tyrell collapses, gasping.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

(dying)

Odin... will finish it..."

His blood pools around him.

Jack looks at the C-4 charges and control module, the timers counting down below 3 minutes.

TANE

Know what you're doing, mate?

JACK

Disarmed a few of these over the years. They might be booby trapped or not. They didn't expect us to find them."

Jack, sweating, manages to disarm two of the C-4 charges by carefully disconnecting the timers from the explosives.

He then pulls an all purpose tool from his vest (screwdriver, wire cutters, etc)

Jack opens the control module for the Parliament building explosives. He looks for a wire inside leading to the timing circuit.

Tane watches with bated breath as Jack, with nerves of steel, snips a wire and the timer freezes.

Jack goes to the Prime Minister's office and checks the third C4 charge. It's ticking down from 20 seconds.

JACK (CONT'D)
No time to disarm this one!

Jack looks around, grabs the charge, then runs to the hallway.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Tane)
Let's go!

Jack and Tane sprint to a 9th-floor window overlooking Lambton Quay carpark:

JACK (CONT'D)
Tane, window, now!

Tane SHOOTS out the window.

Jack hurls the bomb out with a furious grunt. He grabs Tane.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get down!

They dive to the floor. The bomb DETONATES mid-air, shattering windows, setting off car alarms.

Jack and Tane get up, look at the damage outside.

ELENA
(via comms)
Government's intact—barely.

Jack returns to the PMs office and retrieves the burner phone from Tyrell's dead body.

Tane retrieves his taiaha from the chest of the dead cultist.

Prime Minister Caldwell arrives at the Beehive's entrance, flanked by security, amidst blaring car alarms. He approaches Jack and Tane, who exit, weary but triumphant. Elena also approaches.

PM CALDWELL
(firm handshake)
Bauer, Ropata, top job. You've saved the heart of our nation. New Zealand's in your debt.

JACK
Just doing our job, sir.

TANE

For the people, Prime Minister.

PM CALDWELL

And you've done us proud. Now find Elena's daughter.

Tane nods, leaving for the chopper.

JACK

(hands Tyrell's burner to Elena)
Here's Tyrell's burner phone. Chloe
and Kahu can figure out what's on it.

Jack leaves.

Elena receives a US State Department alert on her KST issue phone: Russia expels US diplomats, citing "provocations" from Gridfall's attacks.

PM CALDWELL

Hopefully things get better after this.

ELENA

Looks like it's getting worse Prime Minister.

She shows him the alert.

Split-screen:

— Bomb disposal units with sniffer dogs sweep the Beehive's halls

— NZDF technicians remove C-4 from the Prime Minister's office, uploading detonator data via a secure uplink.

— Tyrell's body is zipped into a bag, his blood staining the floor of the Prime Minister's office.

— Jack and Tane, at Wellington Airport, load rifles and comms gear from KST/NZDF crates into an NH90 chopper, its rotors idling.

— A Kremlin press conference plays on a TV, denouncing U.S. "aggression."

At KST Wellington, Chloe's workstation displays data from the Bomb Disposal Unit's uplink feed.

Her screen shows detonator firmware analysis, with Cyrillic code fragments and spoofed Russian IPs flashing red.

In the KST SUV, Elena grips a tablet.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Is the call set up Chloe?

CHLOE
(over comms)
It's ready now.

Elena joins a video call with Chloe and U.S. Diplomat KAREN HAYES (60s, sharp, Season 6 vibe).

HAYES
(via video)
Hello Elena.

ELENA
Karen. I'd normally say g'day but things have been crazy here.

HAYES
Understandable based on your intel.
Do you have any leads for us on Gridfall?

Elena's face is strained, Hana's kidnapping and Harlan's betrayal weighing heavy.

ELENA
Yes, we have plenty thanks to Chloe helping us unravel this mess. Thank you for recommending her.

HAYES
Least I could do for her after her loss.
(to Chloe)
How are you doing Chloe?

CHLOE
Fine Ms. Hayes. Dealing with it a day at a time.

ELENA
What's the situation right now?

HAYES
Deteriorating. Moscow's expelled our embassy staff—Gridfall's got them spooked, thinking it's a U.S. false flag.

ELENA

(firm)

They're wrong. My father's playing both sides, setting up Russia to take the fall while pushing the U.S. to the brink. He's got my daughter, Hana.

HAYES

Do you have evidence?

CHLOE

(urgent)

Yes. The detonators' firmware signature from the Beehive and Parliament bombs matches the blackouts and drones. Voss is spoofing Russian IPs to send fake intel, framing the U.S. while planting evidence against Moscow. They're buying his lies.

HAYES

Our intelligence agencies believe the attacks are state sponsored. Without hard proof directly tying Voss alone to Gridfall, this could spiral to war. We need that source, Elena.

Elena's eyes harden, her hand trembles on the tablet.

ELENA

Hana's my proof. My father's behind this, and I'll stop him to save her and our country.

HAYES

Let's hope you succeed. For all of our sakes.

The call ends. Chloe's screen pings, map shows a red dot near Blenheim.

CHLOE

(over comms)

Elena, I traced Hana to a safehouse in Blenheim—Bragarfull winery. Tyrell's drive links it to a shadow corporation owned by your father.

Elena's driver starts the SUV, heading to KST Wellington.

ELENA
(over comms)
Jack, did you get that?

At Wellington Airport, the NH90's rotors rev as Jack and Tane strap in, gear packed.

JACK
(grim, via comms)
Yeah, we're on our way to Blenheim now.

The chopper departs, city falls behind.

Split-screen:

- Bomb technicians defuse C-4
- PM Caldwell briefs aides
- Kremlin TVs accuse the U.S.
- KST ops monitor Gridfall drones
- Elena's SUV speeds through Wellington
- Jack/Tane's chopper banks toward Blenheim
- A winery sign reads "BRAGARFULL".
- White House screen shows naval movements.

In the Pacific, a Russian sub tails a US Aircraft carrier.

The Russian sub crew readies weapons, torpedoes.

Cut to clock.

Hour 15 (8:00 PM - 9:00 PM)

Settings: Marlborough Airport (Blenheim), KST Wellington, Wellington office for PM, Blenheim (vineyard safehouse)

Plot: Marie's jet from Whakatane lands at the Marlborough Airport in Blenheim. She steps out to a waiting car with two of Harlan's mercs. The Sun is setting in the West.

The NH90 lands in a Blenheim carpark under the setting Sun's glow, rotors slowing.

Local police, alerted by Elena, greet Jack and Tane with four KST tactical agents.

JACK (CONT'D)
(briefing police)
Tane and I take point on the winery—
Bragarfull, owned by Harlan Voss's
shell company. Mercs inside are
trained killers. Don't miss your shot
—they won't.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(nodding)
Got it, Bauer. We've got your
perimeter.

Tane checks his rifle. A Police Officer looks at a map of the winery.

POLICE OFFICER
Must have taken a lot of money to buy
this place. Used to be owned by a
Maori family. Heard some lawyers and
politicians got them evicted.

TANE
That's why Voss's land grabs stink—
iwi here hate his shadow deals.

Split-screen: NH90 powers down, police ready vehicles, Elena monitors from KST.

Marie arrives at Bragarfull Winery, a sleek estate among Marlborough's grapevines, owned by Voss's shadow company.

In the living room, a merc sets up a video feed to Harlan's bunker.

HARLAN VOSS
(on screen, sipping bourbon)
Marie, you have the device?

Marie pulls the Gridfall Override Device from her bag.

MARIE

Right here. I'll program it for the next job, but Chloe O'Brian's close—she cracked the cable car hack in Rotorua. Needs tighter security.

HARLAN VOSS

(smirking)

It'll be handled.

A merc shoves Elena's daughter Hana into the room at gunpoint.

MARIE

(cold)

Looks like we're working together, kid.

HANA

(defiant)

I teach ethical hacking—now I'm the hack?

Split-screen:

- Marie types
- Hana glares
- Harlan watches.

In a temporary office blocks from the Beehive, Prime Minister Caldwell meets a NZDF General.

NZDF GENERAL

Our bomb techs will need another hour to clear the Beehive and Parliament. Then you can return to your office."

An aide interrupts.

AIDE

Sir, President Hastings on the line."

Caldwell answers.

PM CALDWELL

Mr. President, good to hear from you.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)

(urgent)

Likewise, Prime Minister. Where's Bauer? He was due to report on Gridfall hours ago.

PM CALDWELL

KST's tied up—Jack too. We've got evidence Harlan Voss, a billionaire, is behind the attacks, not Russia.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

NSA, CIA, Pentagon say Moscow's running it. For all we know Voss could be working for the Russians. Prove it's him alone or we're on a collision course with Russia.

PM CALDWELL

We're working on it.

At the White House, NSA Director Bard uses a laptop in a small, private office.

Via video, she talks to Elena.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

It's been a few hours. Do you have anything that can help us?

ELENA

Our team found a hard drive with lots of material kept by my father. Financial ledgers, blackmail files. There's data on people who work in Hastings administration.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

What kind of data?

Elena sends her the files.

ELENA

Apparently your National Security Advisor is compromised.

A video plays on the laptop. It shows Gilmartin soliciting an underage girl for sex.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Our team also found financial data linking him to my father. He's been receiving payments through offshore accounts, some in the last few hours.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
That explains it.

ELENA
What do you mean?"

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Gilmartin's pushing the President
into confronting the Russians,
despite my caution.

ELENA
Looks like my father's not the only
threat to the world. Stop him if
you can.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
I'll gather the intel I need and
build a rock solid case before I take
it to the President.

Unbeknownst to Bard, Gilmartin listens from a nearby hallway. He quickly steps away, ducking into a nearby room as Bard exits the office.

After Bard turns a corner, Gilmartin looks out from the room, coldly calculating an intervention like a shark.

Back in Blenheim, Jack, Tane, and four KST agents creep through grapevines under twilight, nearing the winery.

JACK
(whispering)
Lights off—twilight's enough.

Jack ambushes a Merc, wraps a grapevine around his neck, chokes him out.

A firefight erupts.

Tane takes out a Merc in hand to hand combat and shoots two more.

Another Merc aims his rifle and almost gets the drop on Tane.

The Police Officer from earlier takes out the Merc.

Tane thankfully nods to the Police Officer.

A Merc climbs up on top of a building to get a better vantage point. Jack turns on a grape-crushing machine to get his attention. The Merc FIRES at Jack, misses.

Jack returns FIRE. The Merc falls in the crusher, gears grind ominously until the electric breaker trips off.

A third Merc FIRES from the winery porch; KST agents return FIRE, dropping him.

Inside, Jack engages a Merc in close quarters. He locks Jack in a reverse bear hug.

Jack grabs a Bragarfull wine bottle from a rack, smashes it, and stabs the Merc's thigh.

The Merc reaches for his gun; Jack spins, SHOOTING him center-mass.

Split-screen: Grapevines sway, blood pools, Hana flinches at gunfire.

In a back room, Marie forces Hana to upgrade the Gridfall Override Device's security (PLC encryption).

MARIE
(gun raised)
Lock it down, or you're done.

HANA
(typing, defiant)
You're screwing with my mum's grid-
bad move."

Gunfire echoes; Marie hands the device to a merc.

MARIE
It's ready for the next job."

Two mercs drag Hana out the back door to a van, speeding off.

Marie jumps into her car, rear window shattering as Tane fires.

TANE
She's getting away!

Marie escapes.

Split-screen:

— Van peels out

— Marie speed

— Jack clears the house, Elena worried at KST,

— In DC, Hastings reviews NORAD data (Russian naval moves).

Jack discovers Hana's absence, sees the van on the road in the far distance.

JACK

(via comms)

Chloe, Hana's gone—track that van!

Cut to clock

Hour 16 (9:00 PM - 10:00 PM)

Settings: Spring Creek Kiwi Rail train yard, KST Wellington, Prime Minister's office at Beehive, Valhalla bunker, NH90 Helicopter, Kiwi Rail freight train

Plot: Chloe, at KST Wellington, uses a surveillance drone.

CHLOE

Van's approaching the Spring Creek
Kiwi Rail yard.

The van screeches to a halt at the freight yard.

Mercs SHOOT the engineer and conductor, tossing their bodies out of a Stadler DM dual-cab locomotive (lead unit, trailed by another loco and railcars).

A merc installs the Gridfall Override Device into the control panel, linking to the train's ETCS (European Train Control System).

MERC 1

(in engineer's seat)
Brakes off, throttle up.

Diesel smoke puffs; the train lurches toward Christchurch via Kaikoura.

CHLOE

(via comms)
Train's moving—Hana's aboard!

Split-screen:

- Train accelerates
- Mercs guard Hana
- Chloe tracks drone feed.

Marie, on a nearby street, monitors the train remotely, driving south.

MARIE

(on phone)
Train's en route, Odin.

Jack and Tane race to their vehicle, heading back to the chopper.

JACK

We're stopping that train.

The train rumbles through mountain terrain, Kaikoura's rugged coast ahead.

Jack and Tane arrive back at the carpark in Blenheim. They board the chopper as it revs up.

Chloe and Kahu trace Gridfall's uplink as well as get the shipping manifest for the Kiwi Rail train.

CHLOE

(over comms)

We have the shipping manifest from
KiwiRail.

Split screen: Helicopter & KST Wellington OPS

JACK

What's on the train?

KAHU

Lithium Batteries for electric cars
and vinyl chloride for making
plastic.

TANE

Whatever Voss has planned, it sounds
bad for our whenua.

JACK

It is.

(to Elena over comms)

Elena, we need eyes on that train.

ELENA

Working on it.

(to Chloe)

Chloe, do you have that drone feed?

CHLOE

Got it. It's on the monitor now.

On the main OPS screen, Chloe and Elena see Harlan's mercs placing explosives on the outside of locomotive as well as in the cabs.

ELENA

(over comms)

Jack, they planted bombs on the
train. If they derail it anywhere
along the North Line, it'll be the
biggest environmental disaster in New
Zealand's history.

CHLOE

(over comms)

She's right Jack. Based on the train's cargo manifest, it'll make the East Palestine derailment look like a cake walk. The land and water will be poisoned for decades".

JACK

We're on our way there.

ELENA

(pleading)

And please Jack, save my daughter. She's all I have!

JACK

(understanding)

I will.

At the White House, NSA Director Bard leaves a restroom. She sees Gilmartin standing in the hall.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

Can we talk? We haven't seen eye to eye today.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

No we haven't Leonard. Your attitude is not something to be desired.

He gets closer.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

Look, if you get to know me, you'll know I'm not a bad guy. I'm just doing my job.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

Your job is to look at all data and advise the President on the proper course of action.

Gilmartin gets a little closer, subtle stalker like vibes emanating.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

You're right, I can adjust so we can align our objectives.

He steps closer.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(CONT'D)

So, what do you have on Voss? His activities should have showed up in your agency's intercepts.

At this point, Bard feels Gilmartin is fishing for information.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

(guarded)

Not much. He covered his tracks very well.

Bard starts to turn to leave, Gilmartin gently grabs her arm, caressing it.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

(subtle smile, closer)

You know if we work together, we could resolve this situation a lot quicker, faster. Reach a zenith in our shared goal.

Creeped out, Bard pulls away, hand subtly touching her chakram pendant.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

(subtle derisive smirk)

You do things your way and I'll do things my way.

She walks away, briefly turns back.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD (CONT'D)

Do that again and you're looking at a sexual harassment complaint.

Gilmartin eyes narrow, dejected, anger underneath the surface.

At KST Wellington, Chloe decrypts the data extracted from Tyrell's phone.

CHLOE

(to Elena)

Tyrell's burner ties to Marie. It confirms she's been running your father's ground game all day today.

Elena watches the drone footage on the screen for signs of Hana. She's seen enough.

ELENA
(decisive)
We're getting ahead of that train.
Chloe, Kahu, we're going to
Christchurch.

At the Beehive, Prime Minister Caldwell slowly strides into his office, aides and staff scrambling to clear debris.

A staff member grabs his arm.

STAFF MEMBER
Careful, sir—watch your step.

Caldwell freezes, his shoe hovering over plastic sheeting masking Tyrell's bloodstain on the carpet. He nods, moving to a toppled bookshelf.

He lifts a photo frame—intact—showing a black-and-white image of his late American parents, George and Hilly Caldwell, their faces eerily look like Gene Wilder and Jill Clayburgh.

A faint smile crosses his lips as he sets it on a shelf between a NZ Gardening Tips book and a small AMRoad GMD FP7A model, two locomotives lashed back-to-back, glinting in the light.

AIDE
Sir, KST's got a live drone feed—
train hijacking on the North Line.

PM CALDWELL
On screen. Now.

The TV flickers to KST's grainy feed: the hijacked train barrels South.

The helicopter carrying Jack and Tane flies through the bluish moonlit night and begins catching up with the last car of the train, out of sight of Harlan's mercs in the locomotives. The End Of Train(EOT) device's red light blinks in the darkness.

As the chopper flies behind the train, a merc in the front cab of the lead locomotive activates the Gridfall Override Device.

A small LED screen flashes, showing Cyrillic-like code.

In an SUV transporting Elena, Chloe and Kahu to Wellington's airport, Chloe using a laptop, detects that the train's ETCS (European Train Control System) is jammed—Gridfall's Russian code is embedded.

Split-screen: chopper, train's EOT light, GSD screen).

CHLOE

Jack, the train's ETCS is dark—
Gridfall's Russian IPs are blocking
control. They must be using an
override device.

Chloe finds a sync in signals between the Gridfall Override
Device and Gridfall's high altitude drone network revealing
it's interface.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

The device they're using creates a
direct interface between the high
altitude drones and the train's
onboard computer.

ELENA

What's that mean?

CHLOE

Kiwi Rail can't stop the train
remotely.

JACK

They're hiding the hijack. We're
rappelling now.

In the loco's cab;

MERC 1

Disruptor's live. They can't stop
us.

Jack and Tane rappel down to the train. They're nearly hit
by a signal arm hanging over the tracks. They lift their
legs just in time.

Split-screen:

— Chopper

— KST ops

— Train

— Elena, Chloe, Kahu boarding a waiting KST equipped jet at
Wellington airport.

Jack and Tane drop down onto the last car hauling a shipping
container. They move forward on top of the cars.

Cut to clock.

Hour 17 (10:00 PM - 11:00 PM)

Settings: KST Jet, Vahalla bunker, Kiwi Rail train en route to Christchurch, Prime Minister's office at Beehive

Plot: Elena, Chloe, and Kahu's KST jet takes off for Christchurch.

Chloe monitors the train from the jet via a surveillance drone.

Kahu nervously watches, decrypting more files from Tyrell's drive. He finds something odd; a police report on the car crash that killed Morris and Prescott.

He considers telling Chloe but decides to wait later since she's busy monitoring the train.

Jack and Tane climb car to car in the darkness. One wrong move could mean their deaths.

They climb aboard a tank car. Halfway across the top Tane loses his footing when the tank unexpectedly rocks. He begins sliding over the side. Jack grabs him by the wrists to pull him back up.

Harlan in his bunker watches the same drone footage as Chloe, obviously being fed by Gridfall's hack of KST's systems. He drinks his bourbon, monitoring Gridfall's progress, and news of escalating tensions between the US and Russia on other screens.

He sees Jack and Tane on the train, calls his mercs.

HARLAN VOSS

Arm the bombs, Bauer's on the train.
Get rid of him and prepare to jump
off. There's a trestle coming up,
you can land in the water to break
your fall.

MERC 1

And your granddaughter?

HARLAN VOSS

Leave her on the train.

Harlan uses his computer to access KST's systems. He appears on Elena's laptop screen in the jet.

He sends her a feed of Hana restrained in the locomotive's cab.

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)

I know what you're doing Elena.
Bauer won't stop the train. Your
interference in my operations will
cost Hana her life.

ELENA

Dad, she's your granddaughter!

HARLAN VOSS

Sacrifices are made for the greater
good. Gridfall will prevail.

Elena's jaw drops in horror at her father's cold
bloodedness. She angrily shakes, determined.

ELENA

No. Jack will stop you and so will
I.

Harlan abruptly terminates the call in disgust.

Marie, driving to a field outside Blenheim for a chopper to
Dunedin, calls Voss via secure video on her SUV's dashboard
system.

A chopper's lights flicker in the distance as she nears the
pickup.

MARIE

Odin, sacrificing Hana risks Elena—
she's our leverage. Why burn your own
asset?"

HARLAN VOSS

(in "Valhalla," bourbon in hand)
Chaos demands sacrifice, Marie. You
learned that with Second Wave when
you killed your fiancée.

MARIE

I joined for control, not reckless
gamble. Burn Hana, and you lose my
edge on the ground.

HARLAN VOSS

You're in too deep, Warner. Finish
the job or you're next, just like
Tyrell.

Jack and Tane continue forward on top of a container car
when shots ring out. One of Harlan's mercs begins FIRING
from the top of the trailing locomotive's cab.

In the firefight, the merc is SHOT and falls off into the darkness. Another merc SHOOTS from inside the cab, blasting out the left front window. Tane SHOOTS, taking him out.

Jack and Tane climb down onto the railcar from the shipping container.

Jack pulls a short length of rope from a pack he's carrying and loops one end to the car. He throws the other end with a rappelling hook and catches it on a climbing handle on the cab.

Jack tightens the rope. He climbs to the locomotive, tells Tane to tie his short rope and throw the other end. Tane takes a rope from his pack. Jack uses it to double the other rope for a more secure hold.

He and Tane climb their way into the broken window on the cab.

Jack carefully peeks through the locomotive cab's left door (on our right) and sees no one in the front cab.

Jack and Tane, guns drawn, make their way to the front cab on the exterior walkway.

In the front cab, Jack sees the rear cab of the lead locomotive is dark and empty. He opens the front left access window. Jack uses his gun to SHOOT out the window of the lead locomotive's rear cab.

Jack pulls out another rope with a rappelling hook. He tosses the hook into the other cab, grabbing something inside. He loops the rope through a framework on the ceiling of the trailing locomotive, tightening.

Jack quickly takes a climbing harness from his bag, puts it on as well as climbing gloves. He attaches a carabiner clip to the "D" ring on the short strap from his harness and to the rope.

JACK

Tane hold the rope tight.

TANE

Gotcha mate.

Tane pulls the rope taut. Jack climbs out the cab's front window. Both locomotives slightly rock from side to side because of wind and uneven tracks.

He makes a flying leap of about four feet to the other window, catches his grip and climbs in.

Jack undoes the rope and signals Tane for slack. He ties the rope to a high point in the other cab. Tane does the same on his end.

Tane puts on a harness and clips himself to the rope. He climbs out and makes the same leap with Jack catching him.

Inside the lead locomotive rear cab, Jack peeks out the cab's right side door (on our left) and then the left side door (on our right).

JACK
(quietly, to Tane)
Looks like there's two left. Don't
have a visual on Hana.

TANE
Elena's counting on us. She'll never
forgive us if anything happens to
her."

JACK
We'll figure it out.

The doors on both sides of the front cab are wide open, one Merc occasionally peering out either one, gun drawn. The other drives the train.

Jack and Tane, crouched behind the doors of the rear cab and below the windows, wait in the dark to make their move.

On the KST jet, Elena joins a video conference on her laptop, a map of the Main North Line (Blenheim to Kaikoura) showing pictures of tank cars labeled "VINYL CHLORIDE and containers marked "Hazardous".

Prime Minister Caldwell and Environmental Minister RACHEL TEAGUE (40s, sharp) appear, tense.

Chloe monitors the train via a drone feed, her laptop showing the train near a trestle.

PM CALDWELL
(via video)
Elena, you're saying the train's
between Blenheim and the coast,
loaded with vinyl chloride and
lithium batteries?

ELENA
Yes sir. There's bombs planted on the
train -if it derails, we're facing an
environmental catastrophe.

PM CALDWELL

How bad will it be?

TEAGUE

Extreme, Prime Minister. A mountain spill in the foothills could release a toxic plume—phosgene from vinyl chloride, lethal in minutes, and lithium fires poisoning the Awatere River and farms. A coastal spill near Kaikoura would send runoff into the Pacific, killing crayfish grounds and fisheries. Either way, we need evacuations, containment zones, and years of cleanup.

PM CALDWELL

In other words, a bloody mess.

ELENA

(resolute)

Precisely. That's our rivers, our seas, our home at risk. My father's doing this to tie up our resources so we can't stop Gridfall.

PM CALDWELL

That explains all of the random attacks today.

ELENA

Exactly sir. The train hijacking is his newest distraction. Jack and Tane will stop it to save Hana and our coast.

PM CALDWELL

Let's hope they succeed. Hazmat and marine response teams are on standby. Keep us posted, Elena.

Elena nods, eyes fierce, gripping her laptop. The call ends, her screen showing a drone feed of the train.

Jack and Tane carefully ready their pistols, checking the mags, making sure the safety is off.

The merc keeping watch in the front cab turns his back momentarily to talk to the other merc. Jack nods, giving Tane a "go signal".

They silently exit the rear cab, Jack out of the left rear door, Tane out the right door in a flanking maneuver. The merc turns, seeing movement in the dark, takes a blind SHOT.

Jack gets a perfect SHOT through the front cabs left door, killing the Merc with a hit to the throat.

The final merc in the cab grabs Hana and holds her at gunpoint.

Jack approaches the cab, carefully slips in through the left rear door, muzzle sweeps the area, noticing the bombs planted inside.

The Merc holds a gun to Hana's head while Tane carefully enters the front cab from the right door.

MERC 1
I'll kill her! Back off!

JACK
You got nowhere to go! Release Hana,
and you'll be fine.

Hana seeing her chance hits the Merc, breaking free.

The Merc tries to shoot but is quickly SHOT by Jack and Tane.

HANA
(hugging Tane)
Tane!

TANE
You're fine now. Your mum's worried
sick.

Hana pulls back, grateful. She caresses his head and kisses him on the cheek very close to his mouth.

TANE (CONT'D)
Does this mean we're on again?

She smiles, lightly kisses Tane.

Jack deliberately ignores Hana and Tane's intimate moment. He uses his sat phone to send pictures of the bombs to Chloe.

Chloe checks the database.

CHLOE
No way to disarm or remove those
bombs without setting them off.
They're tamper proof with magnetic
triggers.

The timer on the bombs read three minutes.

JACK
(to Tane, Hana)
We gotta go.

TANE
What about the Override Device?

Jack glances at the Gridfall Override Device connected to the train's controls. Makes a split-second assessment.

JACK
We'll have to leave it if we want to survive the explosion.

Jack motions to Hana and Tane to follow. They run down exterior walkway of the locomotive to the rear cab.

Jack takes off his harness and has Hana put it on. He shortens the strap.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Hana)
We're going to slide you across.

Hana nods.

Tane connects himself to the rope and leaps from one cab to the next.

Jack connects Hana's strap to the rope. He guides her through the window and slides her across. Tane catches Hana, pulling her into the cab.

Jack climbs out the window, grabs the rope with his hands and lifts his legs to wrap around the rope. He rocks back and forth in the wind, nearly falling.

Tane grabs Jack and pulls him inside.

They run to the rear cab of the trailing locomotive.

All three take turns climbing the rope from the cab back to the flat car with the shipping container. Jack cuts the ropes and tosses them.

JACK (CONT'D)
Tane, hold onto my belt.

Tane holds Jack by the belt as he crawls down the side stirrup ladder of the rail car. He reaches for the cut lever to uncouple the cars from the trailing locomotive.

Hana watches as Jack struggles with the lever.

After a few grunts and tries the cut lever turns counterclockwise and releases the coupler's safety pin.

The coupler knuckle opens with a KLUNK.

The locomotives separate from the rail cars.

Brake hoses SNAP loose and HISS.

A loud Yeti-like SCREECH pierces the night as the brakes on the rail cars activate. They begin slowing, the locomotives racing away.

The locomotives get a mile ahead then EXPLODE on a shallow trestle across a dry, rocky creek bed, derailling, rolling off, destroying the track. Fiery diesel fuel makes a big fireball.

The explosion brightens the night vision drone footage.

ELENA
(over comms)
Jack!

JACK
We're fine. Hana's safe.

The railcars slow to a stop a couple of hundred feet before the trestle.

ELENA
How bad's the damage?

JACK
Just burning diesel, two wrecked locomotives and a destroyed trestle. The railroad can clean it up.

Elena is relieved.

Split-screen:

- The KST jet landing in Christchurch
- Marie flying in a chopper to Dunedin
- Harlan monitoring Gridfall's blackouts in the US
- Kahu fidgeting with his phone
- US and Russian naval movements on a computer screen in the White House situation room.

The KST chopper lands near the site, Jack, Tane and Hana get inside.

Cut to clock

Hour 18 (11:00 PM - 12:00 AM)

Settings: Christchurch (KST hub), Cedars-Sinai Children's Ward (Los Angeles)

Plot: Elena, Chloe and Kahu arrive at KSTs Christchurch hub via SUV. They go inside and get set up amidst a busy night crew dealing with other attacks.

Screens show network TV footage from across New Zealand, including coverage of the Beehive evacuation and the train hijacking and footage of earlier attacks.

Elena learns of US and Russian naval movements in the Pacific, triggered by Gridfall's false flags.

Chloe ties Marie's Blenheim safehouse to a Gridfall uplink spiking tensions between the US and Russia. It seems to be originating from Dunedin.

In Dunedin, Marie is using a satellite uplink as a relay from Harlan's bunker to send false Intel to both US and Russian naval fleets.

She types commands to hijack a Russian sub to fire it's SLBMs at a U.S. target.

In a dark office in the White House executive mansion, National Security Advisor Gilmartin texts Voss.

"Need Gridfall's access to Bard's terminal. She's digging in our business."

Gilmartin hits send then opens a laptop, plugs in his phone.

A message window pops up.

"Done - Odin"

Gilmartin deletes the message. A live mirror of Bard's computer terminal appears.

Split Screen: NSA Director Bard and Gilmartin

Bard looks at the clock; 5:15 AM, D.C. time. She pours a fresh cup of coffee, yawns before taking a drink.

Gilmartin watches mirrored files on his monitor.

Bard studies wire transfers between Voss and Gilmartin. A ghost account in the Bahamas, a private trust in the Cook Islands. A yacht in Fiji. Multiple financial links to DC clients.

She prints out as much data as possible.

Gilmartin uses Gridfall to freeze her computer's hard drive.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
What the hell?

She taps keys to no avail. She reboots the computer. Everything lost. She has to start over. She raises her hands, frustrated.

Bard slaps the laptop in frustration like Gabrielle slapping Joxer in the head on Xena: Warrior Princess.

Gilmartin smiles, thinking he won.

Back at KST Christchurch, Elena and Chloe listen intently during a secure video conference call between KST, Prime Minister Simon Caldwell, US President Brian Hastings and Russian President Dmitry Volkov on a KST screen.

PM CALDWELL
(urgent but measured)
President Hastings, President Volkov, New Zealand's got evidence this naval standoff's a setup—not Moscow, not Washington, but a third party pulling strings. You're being played into a fight nobody wins. Bloody well stand down your fleets and give us time to trace the source.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(stern, skeptical)
Prime Minister, my carriers are shadowed by Russian subs. I've seen false flags before—my time at CTU taught me that. Show me hard proof this isn't Moscow's doing.

PRESIDENT VOLKOV
(cool, diplomatic edge)
Mr. Caldwell, American posturing threatens our interests. Your country's a speck in this game—why should Russia trust you?

PM CALDWELL
Because we've stopped their attacks here, on our soil. We're tracing their uplink now. Give us hours, not missiles, or we all lose."

The call concludes.

CHLOE
(to Elena)
Marie's pinging Gridfall to Russian
military servers—Voss's trap.

ELENA
Get me that uplink's origin before
they fire first.

CHLOE
Already did. It's in Dunedin.

Elena's phone RINGS. She nods in the affirmative to the caller.

ELENA
(to Chloe)
Jack just arrived.

Jack, Tane and Hana arrive in the chopper on a helipad in KST's carpark. They disembark and make their way inside the KST office.

A refueling truck is driven up to the helicopter.

Hana reunites with Elena. They run to each other, hug. Elena kisses Hana on the cheek.

HANA
(teary eyed)
I can't believe Grandpa was going to
let me die. He said you'd understand
'greater good'—lies.

Elena hugs her again, consoling.

Jack and Tane approach Chloe.

JACK
Any more leads on Voss?

They step inside KST.

CHLOE
Yes. There's a Gridfall uplink in
Dunedin feeding false intel to
American and Russian naval fleets.
We think Marie Warner is there
overseeing it for Voss.

Jack looks at intel on the screens showing US/Russian confrontations.

JACK
(to Tane)
We'll restock our ammo and get the gear we need. We're going to Dunedin."

Tane nods and heads to the tactical room.

At her station Chloe detects more Gridfall backups in KST's systems, suspecting a mole.

JACK (CONT'D)
What is that?"

CHLOE
Not sure yet. Voss may have someone working here. Explains how he's breaking into our system.

Jack cautiously glances around at the KST staff working, doing their jobs.

JACK
(low)
Keep on it and be careful.

CHLOE
I will.

Jack leaves. Kahu waits then approaches Chloe at her workstation.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
What do you want Kahu? I'm kind of busy here.

KAHU
When I was on the plane decrypting Tyrell's files, I found something you should know about.
(gestures to keyboard)
May I?

Chloe nods. Kahu brings up another window on Chloe's monitor. It shows the police accident report on Morris and Prescott. Chloe's jaw drops.

CHLOE
How did Tyrell have this?

KAHU
Apparently it was stolen by Tyrell from Harlan Voss's personal files.

Chloe recovers from the shock, tears slightly welling.

KAHU (CONT'D)
What's it mean?

CHLOE
(unsettled)
I don't know. I'll look into it when
I have time. Thank you.

Kahu steps away, glancing back at Chloe with concern, a look seeming to question his involvement with Marie despite the threat to Aroha.

In an office, Elena finishes a phone call, rubs her forehead, the stress taking a toll. Jack enters, carefully closes the door, shuts the blinds. Glances around the room for listening devices.

ELENA
What are you doing?

JACK
How well do you know your father?

ELENA
We haven't spoken in years until he
called us in ops today.

JACK
Do you still care for him? Have any
sympathies?

ELENA
(taken aback)
I'd be lying if I said no. That's
doesn't mean I support what's he's
doing or help him in any way to harm
others. Why does this feel like an
interrogation?

Jack looks her in the eye, studies her body language, tone of voice. He relaxes a bit.

JACK
I had to be sure. Your father has
someone working here.

ELENA
(skeptical)
A mole? I can't believe anyone one
here would do that, especially a
Kiwi.

JACK

You need to coordinate with Chloe.
Find the mole. Tane and I are going
to take out that uplink in Dunedin.

Jack leaves.

In a break room, Tane and Hana share a quiet moment, holding hands.

HANA

We agreed to break off our
relationship so you wouldn't
jeopardize your job.

TANE

I know. If your mother knew about
us, she'd never send me out on
another mission in order to protect
you. For what it's worth, I never
stopped thinking about you.

HANA

Same with me.

TANE

When this is over, let's get back
together.

Hana hugs, kisses him.

TANE (CONT'D)

What are we going to tell your mum?

HANA

The truth, she can handle it.

TANE

She won't have a problem?

HANA

Not if I can help it.

Jack leans into the room.

JACK

Tane, we got a job to do.

TANE

Be there in a second Jack.

Jack steps out, goes down the hall slight smile. Tane and Hana brings back memories of him and Teri as well as Tony Almedia and Michelle Dessler's relationship.

Tane makes his way to the exit.

HANA
Come back safe.

TANE
You know I will.

Hana embraces Tane and passionately kisses him.

At her workstation, Chloe dives into Tyrell's decrypted drive—Chainalysis API + Autopsy parses Voss-ledger shards. Gridfall transactions surface: Monero-tumbled micro-fractions, dust attacks reassembling payloads via mixer heuristics.

In a small corner window on her screen; the Morris/Prescott crash report—her gaze hardens, personal ghosts fueling the dig.

She cross-references earlier discovered Odin trusts to Christopher Henderson.

The algorithm flags Gridfall's scatter pattern echoing 2000s era sliced transfers—huge sums of money broken into tiny wires under bank radar, layered through Cayman shells.

CHLOE
(low, scripting)
Slicing cash then, scattering crypto
scraps now—Voss's money maze stays
the same.

Chloe backdoor pings a CTU FinInt (financial intelligence) archive (Five Eyes handshake - agreement between the US, UK, Canada, Australia, New Zealand). She queries SWIFT + blockchain forks for pattern matches: clustering algos, laundering webs.

Chloe's jaw drops, eyes wide at the "tree of corruption" forming on her screen.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(whisper, isolating display)
It's the whole damn thing.

Harlan sees Chloe's activity on his monitors. He calls Marie.

MARIE
Yes Odin?

HARLAN VOSS

We have a new problem, take care of it.

At KST, Kahu gets a call while in the restroom.

KAHU

Yes?

MARIE

Odin has a new job for you. Kill Chloe O'Brian.

KAHU

(whispering, incredulous, balking)
What? No. I'm not a murderer. I won't do it.

Marie sends a video to Kahu's phone.

It shows a Voss operative filling a hypodermic needle from a vial in Aroha's hospital room at Cedars-Sinai while she naps.

Kahu's jaw drops.

MARIE

Lure Chloe to the server room. You can get rid of the body in the rubbish chute. Won't be discovered for hours. Kill her or your daughter dies.

Split Screen:

- Kahu's eyes well in horror
- Chloe types at her workstation
- Elena in her office conferring with US counterparts in Washington DC
- Russian submarine tailing a US aircraft carrier
- Jack and Tane entering the refueled chopper in KSTs carpark. They take off as a second NZ military chopper, an MH-60R Seahawk, joins them.

Chloe is on Harlan's monitor. He takes a drink, eyes her as his next target.

Cut to clock.

Hour 19 (12:00 AM - 1:00 AM)

Settings: Christchurch (KST hub), NH90 chopper to Dunedin, Dunedin safehouse

Plot: The ops room hums with tension under dim lights. CHLOE, at her workstation, analyzes a flowchart on her screen, continuing to trace Voss's past transactions.

Elena, in her office, briefs a US GENERAL via secure video, her voice steady post-Hana's rescue.

The General, brass stars and starched uniform, sits in a dimly lit Pentagon war room. Feeds from Pacific Command flickering: carrier strike groups, sub tracks, B-2 stealth and B-52 bomber deployments

ELENA

(firm)

Gridfall's Russian IPs are a setup—
Voss's framing Moscow for global
blackouts, wants NATO retaliation.
Dunedin's uplink is the source.
Gridfall is relaying commands to
infected systems; both civilian and
military.

US GENERAL

(urgent, gesturing to sub plots)

Confirmed—Russian Akulas are
shadowing our carriers in the
Pacific, Oscar-IIs near Hawaii with
hypersonics armed. Subs could
torpedo a task force on a glitch.
MiGs are up from Vladivostok and our
bombers are hot at Guam and Diego
Garcia. You've got 45 minutes before
they take off. Neutral or not—New
Zealand will be in the crosshairs if
that uplink lives and things go hot.

ELENA

(nodding)

We have a chopper en route now.

Video feed ends. Elena keys chopper comms, resolve hardening—world's abyss stares back.

Jack and Tane in the helicopter, blades thumping over steep hills and forested landscape. They review tablet maps of the uplink location outside Dunedin.

ELENA (CONT'D)
(over crackling line)
Jack, Tane.

JACK
Yeah, Elena.

ELENA
We just got word Gridfall's setting
up a naval confrontation between
America and Russia. Dunedin's uplink
is relaying the commands—you have to
take it out or the world never comes
back from this.

JACK
(gripping harness)
Copy. Any idea how many of Voss's
mercs are there?"

ELENA
Unknown. They're taking precautions
to avoid surveillance. You and Tane
be careful.

JACK
We will.

TANE
(Maori resolve, eyeing Alps)
Whenua won't burn on our watch.

The chopper continues to Dunedin.

Chloe, focused, mutters as she types, unaware of Kahu
standing near a coffee station, his hand in his pocket
gripping a knife.

His eyes flick to a photo of AROHA (smiling in a hospital
gown, tucked in his wallet, visible as he adjusts his
jacket).

CHLOE
(to herself)
Voss's money was everywhere.

Kahu, sweating, watches. He knows erasing the data will
protect Marie's leverage over Aroha's surgery. He forces a
casual tone, approaching Chloe.

KAHU
Chloe, mate, servers are acting up
again. Wanna check the logs with me?
Might be your uplink glitch.

Chloe, distracted but trusting, grabs her tablet, sensing a chance to debug. Her tone is blunt but friendly.

CHLOE

Kahu, if you crashed my trace, I'm
gonna debug you like a Y2K bug.

Kahu manages a weak chuckle, leading her toward the server room.

Split-screen:

- Elena briefing the US
- Jack and Tane heading for Dunedin
- A Russian MIG on a NORAD feed, escalating tensions.

The server room is cold, with blinking server lights and a low HUM.

A Maori proverb poster on the wall reads, "He aha te mea nui o te ao? He tangata, he tangata, he tangata" ("What is the most important thing in the world? It is people, it is people, it is people"), emphasizing Kahu's cultural roots.

The rubbish chute is near a terminal. Chloe plugs her tablet into a server rack, scanning logs, while Kahu stands behind her, feigning interest in a cable.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(focused)

KST's terminals have been pinging
weird routes all day today. It's
probably whoever's been poking around
in our system, giving Voss access.
If this is their uplink, I've got
them.

Kahu's hand tightens on the knife in his pocket, hidden from Chloe. His face is torn, sweat beading as he battles Marie's threat to Aroha against his loyalty.

He steps closer, voice trembling, but keeps the knife concealed.

KAHU

(softly)

Chloe, you're... you're a good person.
I always liked working with you.

Chloe, oblivious to the knife, senses his odd tone but attributes it to stress.

She turns, offering a rare, sincere moment, referencing her Hour 3 empathy for his call to Aroha.

CHLOE

Kahu, you're not bad for a Kiwi.
Aroha's lucky to have you fighting
for her. I'd have done the same for
my Prescott.

Kahu freezes, her words hitting his heart.

Chloe, in a spontaneous gesture, leans in and kisses him on the cheek—a brief, empathetic act tied to her own loss, unaware of the knife.

The kiss, framed by the Maori proverb poster, jolts Kahu, his values of whanaungatanga (connection) clashing with Marie's orders.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

Don't get weird on me. Let's fix this
server.

Chloe turns back to her tablet, missing Kahu's anguished expression.

He pulls the knife out, staring at it, the blade glinting under the server lights. We see his torment, but Chloe remains unaware.

Split-screen:

- Chloe typing
- Elena in her office
- Jack and Tane in the chopper
- Harlan in "Valhalla," monitoring Chloe's trace.

KAHU

(whispering, to himself)

Tino aroha, Chloe... I can't do this.

As Chloe exits the server room, oblivious, Kahu opens the rubbish chute and tosses the knife in.

The blade CLANGS down the metal chute, vanishing—a moment only we witness.

Kahu slumps against the rack, wiping tears, then moves to a terminal, begins setting up a fake server crash to erase the Voss/Henderson data.

The NH90 chopper, carrying Jack and Tane, and the MH-60R Seahawk cut through the night, approaching the safehouse. Dunedin's city lights twinkle below Otago hills.

Split-screen:

- Jack scans tablet-safehouse coords & Gridfall uplink glow.
- Tane grips rifle, karakia murmured for whenua.

JACK
(to pilot, tense)
Stay low-Voss's mercs don't fight
like the cult. Expect heavy fire.

TANE
(eyeing hills, grim)
Hired killers on our whenua-dish is
close, can't let it spark.

Unseen, Marie directs mercs on a forested ridge. The lead merc shoulders a FIM-92J Stinger missile-green scope locks NH90 heat signature.

MARIE
(hiss, pointing)
Target the Seahawk first-burn their
backup.

Stinger FIRES-white-hot exhaust streaks. MH-60R ERUPTS in orange fireball, shockwave rocking NH90. Jack/Tane flinch, debris raining.

JACK
(shouting)
Evasive, now! Stingers-go low!

NH90 dives, rotor whines, screaming, skimming Otago pines. A second merc locks another Stinger-missile GRAZES helicopter by feet, singeing air.

TANE
(bracing, fierce)
They're hunting us like we're prey-
whenua won't forgive this.

Marie points to hill crest, pylon silhouetted against city glow.

MARIE
FIRE!

NH90 banks hard, rotor blades whistling under pylon wires—missile arcs over, SLAMS pylon. Sparks cascade; steel collapses in a twisted heap. Dunedin's lights flicker, die—blackout ripples.

JACK
(comms, urgent)
Elena, uplink's guarded—Stingers took
out Seahawk. Dunedin's dark.

ELENA
(at KST, gripping desk)
45 minutes left Jack—kill that
uplink, or Russian subs fire first.

MARIE
(to mercs, ice)
When they land, kill 'em. I have a
job to finish.

Merces nod, chambering suppressed rifles, fading into shadows.

Marie goes back to the safe house to the Gridfall server sending out fake data to US and Russian subs.

The helicopter lands a kilometer away behind a hillside. Jack and Tane get out and make their way to the safe house.

Chloe returns to her workstation, her screen begins flickering as Kahu's crash begins. She frowns, running a diagnostic.

CHLOE
(alarmed)
What the... server's tanking. The Voss-
Henderson data's being wiped!

She traces the activity, her screen pinging Kahu's terminal in the server room. Her eyes narrow, suspicion hardening.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(via comms)
Elena, we've got a problem. Someone's
crashing the servers from inside.
It's coming from the server room.
It's the mole.

Kahu, at the terminal, types frantically, deleting Voss/Henderson files. The screen shows a "CRASH INITIATED" warning. He mutters, glancing at Aroha's photo.

KAHU
For you, tamāhine...

Split screen:

- Kahu watching the server crash
- KST computers crashing
- US bombers taking off from Guam and Diego Garcia
- President Hastings video conferencing with the Joint Chiefs from the situation room
- Jack and Tane running in the dark to the Dunedin safehouse

Elena bursts into the server room with two KST guards, guns drawn, her face a mix of shock and betrayal.

Chloe follows, tablet in hand, her trace complete.

ELENA
(devastated)
You?

Kahu freezes, hands up, ashamed, the terminal screen glowing with the crash alert.

Cut to hard ticking clock.

Hour 20 (1:00 AM - 2:00 AM)

Settings: KST Christchurch (ops, interrogation room, server room), Dunedin safe house, Valhalla bunker, Cedars-Sinai Children's Ward (Los Angeles).

Plot: Jack and Tane approach the Dunedin safe house from behind a hill. They sneak up behind a merc, kill him with a knife to the brain and drag him behind a stack of beehives. Slight buzzing can be heard as the bees stir inside.

Inside the safehouse, Marie is finalizing the Gridfall takeover of a Russian sub on the server uplink. Graphics show the sub's SLBMs tipped with nuclear warheads.

She's speaking to Voss on the phone.

MARIE

(to Voss)

Everything's in place like you asked.
When the sub is in range of Hawaii,
Gridfall will take over and fire
missiles at Pearl Harbor.
Afterwards, America and Russia will
be at war. It's all set with a press
of the enter key.

We focus on the "Enter" key.

HARLAN VOSS

Once it's done, kill Bauer, and get
back here. Your place as a Valkyrie
in Valhalla has been secured.

Marie smiles.

MARIE

There's one more thing. I can't
reach Kahu.

Voss looks at his screens seeing KST surveillance footage of Kahu being taken to interrogation.

HARLAN VOSS

He's been captured.

MARIE

The girl?

HARLAN VOSS

You know what must be done.

Voss hangs up. Marie briefly makes a call to the Voss Operative in LA watching Aroha's room.

Split screen: Dunedin and Cedars-Sinai

MARIE
Everything ready?

OPERATIVE
Yes. When do you want it done?

Marie pauses, somewhat bothered by what she's about to order.

MARIE
If you don't hear from me in thirty minutes, do it.

The Operative puts his phone away, casually walks down the hall, briefly peeks into Aroha's room through the door window.

At the Dunedin safehouse, a merc outside notices movement in the dark and begins FIRING. Some bullets STRIKING the beehives, angering the bees inside, buzzing growing louder.

As the Merc approaches Jack and Tane shove the stack of beehives onto the Merc and make a run for it. The Merc is enveloped in a cloud of bees.

A shootout ensues, Jack and Tane are separated by the gunfire and run to different parts of the compound.

Back at KST Christchurch, Elena, pissed, interrogates Kahu.

ELENA
My daughter almost died and the whole world's on the brink of war because of you.

She angrily SLAMS a binder full force onto the table, startling Kahu.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Start talking!

Kahu tearfully confesses.

KAHU
Aroha is dying in an LA hospital. My daughter needs a special operation she can't get here.

ELENA
If this war goes nuclear, you won't have a daughter anymore. Tell me why you did this.

KAHU

A woman working for your father
offered to help fund my daughter's
treatment with his money.

ELENA

Who?

KAHU

Marie Warner. She promised Aroha's
treatment—'Odin's'—your father's
money. She sent me a video on my
phone. She has someone at the
hospital who's going to kill Aroha.

ELENA

(over comms)

Chloe, did you get that?

Chloe downloads the syringe video from Kahu's phone to her
workstation.

CHLOE

It's true. Video timestamp's from
over an hour ago. Calling LAPD right
now.

KAHU

Please save Aroha. She's all that
matters to me.

Kahu breaks down in tears, softly sobbing.

Elena softens, sympathetic to Kahu's plight, offers a
compromise; help Chloe with the Gridfall uplink decryption
key and she'll get him leniency for his trial and help for
Aroah

In the ops room, a Male Staffer gets bad news over the
phone, wipes tears, breaks down. A Female Staffer consoles
and hugs him, then walks over to assist Chloe, who inquires.

CHLOE

Bad news?

FEMALE STAFFER

Yes. His brother just died at the
hospital. He was injured in the
bombing of the rebuild site this
morning in Christchurch.

The Male Staffer SLAMS his fist on the desk. Other co-
workers console him.

Back at the Dunedin safehouse, Jack hides inside a sheep shed behind the corner of a wall. A Merc carefully walks along the side of the shed.

Jack spots a pair of gumboots (rubber farm boots). He grabs one by it's top, heel facing away. As the Merc rounds the corner, Jack hits the Merc in the face full force.

Jack hits him multiple times, knocking him out. He takes the Merc's MP7 machine gun.

Tane hides behind a woodpile and takes out a Merc with his taiaha inspired weapon, obtaining his own MP7.

Inside the safehouse, Marie has a gun, eyeing the commotion outside as well as the Russian sub's progress on the monitor. She orders two Mercs to guard the doors.

In Los Angeles at Cedars-Sinai, the Voss operative steps back into Aroha's room. She naps peacefully while the operative approaches her with the needle.

Just as the operative is about to inject Aroha, two LAPD officers rush in and apprehend him. A nurse comes into the room to check Aroha as she stirs awake.

At KST Christchurch, Elena reenters the interrogation room.

KAHU

Aroha?

ELENA

LAPD has a suspect in custody. She's safe.

Tears of joy and relief stream down Kahu's face.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(gentle, firm)

Kahu, I've set up a secure video link to Aroha at Cedars-Sinai. Take five—she needs you.

KAHU

(hollow-eyed, clutching Aroha's photo)

Cheers, Elena. I... need this.

Kahu wipes his tears, sits at a table in front of a laptop.

The screen flickers, connecting to Cedars-Sinai's Children's Ward (Los Angeles, 8:00 AM PST).

Aroha, lies in a hospital bed, surrounded by monitors beeping softly, an IV in her arm. Her face, framed by dark curls, lights up despite her pallor. A Māori kowhaiwhai-patterned blanket drapes her, and a small pounamu pendant hangs around her neck.

AROHA
(weak but smiling)
Kia ora, Papa! Kia kaha, e Papa!

She hums "Hine e Hine," the Māori lullaby's melody soft but steady, evoking whānau and hope.

KAHU
(voice cracking, in te reo)
Kia ora, e taku tamāhine. Tino aroha
ki a koe.

His eyes glisten, guilt flashing over his coerced past misdeeds

KAHU (CONT'D)
You're so strong, Aroha—like our
tipuna, our ancestors. How's the
hospital?

AROHA
(brave, clutching pendant)
It's okay, Papa. Nurses are nice, but
I miss home—miss you. The doctors say
I'm fighting hard, like a toa.

She hums "Hine e Hine" again, a faint smile.

AROHA (CONT'D)
You saving the world?"

KAHU
(forcing a chuckle, heart heavy)
Trying, tamāhine. Just... trying to
make it right for you.

He quickly wipes a tear.

KAHU (CONT'D)
You keep singing, eh? That waiata's
our strength.

AROHA
(nodding)
Ae, Papa. I'll be strong for you.

Her monitor beeps; a nurse adjusts her IV.

ELENA

(off-screen, soft)

Kahu, time's up, Chloe needs your help shutting down an uplink."

Kahu nods, wiping tears.

Back at the safehouse, Jack sneaks up behind a pile of rocks. He sees Tane and motions to him to go around to the other side of the house.

Merc peeks outside from behind the window frame. Jack quietly switches the MP7 to single fire. A head SHOT takes out the Merc.

The other Merc runs across the room to shoot at Jack but is SHOT by Tane through a window.

Jack and Tane break into the house and are immediately SHOT at by Marie from the dark. A blind shot from Jack HITS Marie in the leg.

Jack notices the computer set to take over the Russian sub to fire nuclear warheads at Hawaii. Jack points the MP7 at Marie.

JACK

How do you turn this off!

MARIE

Been a long time Bauer. You thought you broke me all those years ago. I'm just as dedicated now as I was then. One push of a button and I become a Valkyrie. The world will burn.

Marie makes a lunge to press the enter key. Jack SHOOTS her deadlier than shit.

Marie lays there lifeless, eyes blank.

Jack calls Chloe over comms.

Kahu is taken out to the ops room to assist Chloe. Side glances and stares follow him.

The Male Staffer, in the distance wearily eyes Kahu. He turns to another co-worker; "Is he the one?" he can be seen saying. They nod "Yes". He glares at Kahu.

CHLOE

Jack, do you have your Sat phone?

JACK

Yes.

CHLOE

Plug it into the computers USB port.

Jack plugs the Sat Phone into the computer with a cable.

JACK

Got it.

Kahu accesses a hidden file in KST's servers network and gives Chloe a decryption key for Gridfall's uplinks.

Chloe accesses the sat phone. The computer's data mirrors on Chloe's screen. She uses the decryption key to deactivate the uplink.

Jack breathes a sigh of relief as the program deactivates.

Tane searches Marie's body, finds her sat phone.

TANE

(hands over sat phone)

Jack.

Jack plugs Marie's satellite phone into his own, its screen flashing.

JACK

Chloe, I'm plugging in Marie's sat phone. Run a trace to find Voss's location.

Chloe watches Marie's sat phone data mirror on her monitor, overlaid with NZ grid maps and high altitude drone signals.

CHLOE

(typing rapidly)

Got it, Jack. Downloading metadata now.

She brings up a transmit log, showing signal timestamps, satellite beam IDs, and partial IP addresses.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(focused)

Jack, the phone's signal logs show encrypted bursts tied to the drones. I'm triangulating the satellite beams—metadata points to a server hub near Queenstown, probably Voss's bunker. IP endpoints match the Gridfall patterns.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)
No exact coordinates yet, but it's in
the Southern Alps.

JACK
(grim)
We're on our way there. Keep on it,
Chloe.

Chloe's screen zooms in on a Queenstown-area map, a red ping
pulsing near Lake Wakatipu.

A KST guard steps up to Kahu, grabs his arm.

KST GUARD
Time to go.

Kahu gets up as the guard begins to pull him away.

KAHU
Chloe, please forgive me. I only did
it for my little Aroha.

Chloe makes her famous awkward pause then gives Kahu a
sincere hug.

CHLOE
(pulling away)
If I was in your position, I would
have done the same for my Prescott.

Kahu nods affirmative. Two guards escort Kahu out of ops to
the front entrance. He carries the small photo of his
daughter smiling.

ELENA
(to Kahu, reassuring)
I'll make sure Aroha gets treatment.

KAHU
(relieved)
Thank you.

Misty eyed, Kahu subtly smiles, imaging a hopeful future for
Aroha and redemption for himself. He walks with the guards,
one in front, one behind.

The Male Staffer, suddenly there, SNATCHES front guard's
gun, spins and SHOTS Kahu point blank in the chest.

Kahu crumples backwards to the floor.

The staffer is tackled and restrained.

Chloe and Elena rush to Kahu.

Elena cradles Kahu in her arms, Chloe gently caresses his head, in shock.

ELENA
(eyes welling)
Kahu.
(to Male Staffer)
Why?"

MALE STAFFER
(incensed)
My brother died because of his leaks!

Elena angrily nods for the guards to drag the staffer away.

The Male Staffer resists being removed.

Kahu, dying, blood pooling, looks up to Elena

KAHU
(weak)
Aroha...

He hands her the bloodied photo.

ELENA
(voice soft, cracking)
I promise.

Kahu dies. Tears streak down Elena's cheeks.

Silent clock to 2:00:00 AM.

Hour 21 (2:00 AM - 3:00 AM)

Settings: Southern Alps (chopper), Christchurch (KST hub),
Beehive Cabinet Room

Plot: Jack and Tane, choppering to the Southern Alps (~45
min from Dunedin).

At KST Christchurch, KST agents place Kahu's body in a bag,
put it on a gurney and wheel it out of ops.

Chloe watches, hand over mouth, silent tears streaking,
closes eyes.

Hana hugs Elena, trying to comfort her.

ELENA (CONT'D)
I have to go make a call.

HANA
I'm here for you Mum.

ELENA
(caresses Hana's cheek)
I know.

Elena returns to her office calls Jack over comms.

ELENA (CONT'D)
(grave)
Jack.

JACK
Elena, what's wrong?

ELENA
Kahu's dead.

Tane glances at Jack unbelieving.

ELENA (CONT'D)
He was shot by a staffer who lost his
brother in the Christchurch bombing.

JACK
What possessed him to do that?

ELENA
Kahu was the mole. My father and
Marie Warner threatened his
daughter's life if he didn't comply.
(deep pained sigh)
Kahu didn't deserve this.

JACK

I'm so sorry Elena. He was trying to protect his daughter. I've been there.

ELENA

I know. I call back later.

Elena steps into a private restroom next to her office and changes out of her bloodied clothes. She looks at the blood on Aroha's photo, slumps to the floor and breaks down, head in her hands.

Back in the chopper, Tane, mournful, grips his taiaha, bows his head in the chopper's dim interior, Alps' peaks below.

He recites a ~20-second Maori karakia;

TANE

E Kahu, haere ki Hawaiki, ki te wāhi
o ngā tūpuna. Kia tau te wairua.

(Translation: "Kahu, journey to
Hawaiki, the place of our
ancestors. May your spirit find
peace.")

Jack listens respectfully, reflecting on losses (Teri, George Mason, Ryan Chappelle, Paul Raines, David Palmer, Michelle Dessler, Edgar Stiles, Bill Buchanan, Rene Walker, Audrey Raines).

Tane finishes, touching his taiaha.

TANE (CONT'D)

He's with his ancestors now.

JACK

He fought for his daughter. That's something.

In the White House Situation Room, President Hastings faces his National Security team, monitors showing global Gridfall outages (NZ's Taupo, US's New York, California, Pacific Northwest, New England states).

A NORAD feed tracks US bombers (B-2 Spirits, B-52s) reaching Fail-Safe points in international airspace near Russia—predesignated orbits where they await attack orders or recall.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
Mr. President, our bombers are
approaching Fail-Safe points—Arctic
Circle, Bering Sea, Baltic
approaches. Russian jets are
shadowing them.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(grim)
Moscow's response?

PENTAGON GENERAL
Their bombers are mirroring ours—Tu-
95s, Tu-160s, same orbits. They're
signaling readiness.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
It appears Gridfall's hits do match
Russian cyber tactics—Black Start
plants, PLC systems. We're currently
at DEFCON 3. I recommend finding a
way to deescalate this before it
spirals.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(annoyed)
Based on the Russian's response, it's
already spiraled.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Let's show them we're not a threat
until we're absolutely sure.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(dismissive)
Appeasement only encourages
adversaries.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(angering, voice rising)
Certainty is not appeasement.

Gilmartin glances daggers at Bard.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(pointedly)
Second guessing undermines America's
defenses. Why don't you just stick
to your domain and stay there. It's
what you're good at.

Bard's hand instinctively drops to a chakram pendant
(similar to Elena's) under her blouse for half a second (no
one else sees it, but the camera catches the gesture).

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(humiliated, incensed)
How dare you!

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
I certainly do.

Hastings SLAMS his palm on the table, startling everyone.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Enough!

Gilmartin calmly breathes.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)
The stress in this situation is
understandable but we can't come
apart at the seams now. America's
depending on us.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
Sorry, Mr. President.
(pauses, regains composure)
Sir, based on all of the available
evidence, I recommend upgrading to
DEFCON 2."

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(pausing, resolute)
Do it. But get me proof it's Moscow.

Aides relay the DEFCON 2 order, screens flashing red alerts.

Bard eyes Gilmartin with a disdainful "I know what you're
doing" look, subtly shaking her head.

She closes her eyes, exhales through her nose, and when she
opens them again her Texas sunshine is gone.

Only steel left.

She locks eyes with Gilmartin across the table and mouths
(silent, just for him):
"Your move."

Split-screen:

Left: First E-6B "TACAMO (Looking Glass)" - already circling
over Midwest, contrails glowing.

Right: Offutt AFB - second E-6B
Mercury taxiing, runway lights strobing.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(to Hastings)
Second TACAMO launching, Mr.
President. Full Looking Glass
redundancy. If one plane goes down...
the other still gives the order.

PILOT 2
(comms, overlapping Pilot 1)
TACAMO Two airborne. Redundancy
confirmed. The mirror has a twin.

Hastings clenches his jaw, eyeing the nuclear football nearby.

Russian jets streak across a computer monitor, WWII risks escalating.

Back at KST Christchurch, Chloe is alone at her workstation, eyes shadowed by grief over Kahu.

A recovery toolkit deep scans the corrupted Voss/Henderson files. 12% progress. Hex previews tease fragments.

CHLOE
(softly, to screen)
You did this for Aroha, Kahu. We get it.

Progress ticks to 15%, Chloe's resolve hardening as progress bar slow ticks.

Inside the Beehive's Cabinet Room, warm kauri wood-paneled walls encircle a long, polished oval kauri table under recessed lighting, casting a tense glow. Prime Minister Caldwell presides at the table's head, a half-empty water glass amid scattered iwi letters (Hour 5 pā site protests).

Key ministers (Foreign Affairs, laptop open; Defence, stern; Internal Affairs, scribbling) and NZDF heads (Chief of Defence Force, service chiefs, binders ready) sit in high-backed leather chairs. Two iwi representatives, one in a korowai cloak, observe silently from side seats, subtle Treaty of Waitangi panels and a NZ flag in the background framing their quiet resolve.

Laptops open to classified briefs; a large screen displays nuclear fallout simulations from NIWA models.

The air is thick with coffee and stress—advisors jot notes, phones on silent vibrate with incoming alerts.

CHIEF OF DEFENCE FORCE
(measured tone, flipping briefing binder)
Gridfall's outages are being pinned on Russian cyber ops by NATO. Even with our neutrality, Moscow might hold us accountable for not containing the spread or nailing Voss earlier.

Split screen: Beehive Cabinet Room, Russian submarine

Russian Borei-class sub (Yury Dolgorukiy), deep in Pacific's Tasman Sea. Dim control room—sonar pings echo, red-lit consoles hum.

CHIEF OF DEFENCE FORCE (CONT'D)
Submarine tracks suggest they're aiming at southern targets.

Naval officer (Russian Navy captain, stern) programs Bulava SLBM target package into fire-control computer. Map zooms: red dots mark Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Devonport (naval base) and Ohakea (airbase) as nuclear targets.

Back at the cabinet room;

CHIEF OF DEFENCE FORCE (CONT'D)
Now that the Americans have gone to Defcon 2, we need to action nuclear contingency plans immediately—shelter protocols, civil defence alerts.

Murmurs around the table; Foreign Minister checks a tablet with Five Eyes chatter.

PM CALDWELL
(nodding, direct)
Walk us through potential targets. Be specific.

The NZDF Intelligence Head advances PowerPoint slides—red-highlighted maps, casualty estimates, mushroom cloud graphics over cities, military bases, etc.

NZDF INTELLIGENCE HEAD
Auckland for the ports and density, Wellington as the seat of government, Christchurch due to its size and recovery infrastructure. Bases like Devonport and Ohakea would draw first strikes to neutralize response.
(MORE)

NZDF INTELLIGENCE HEAD (CONT'D)

Projections: 2-3 million immediate casualties from blasts and fallout, with radiation and supply chain collapse wiping out the rest. It'd effectively end New Zealand—economy gone, health system overwhelmed, long-term uninhabitable zones.

Silence hangs; Defence Minister rubs temples, an iwi rep exchanges grim looks with Internal Affairs. Screen shows wind pattern overlays from trans-Tasman strikes.

PM CALDWELL

(after a pause, firm)

Right. Have National Emergency alerts on standby. Coordinate with local officials for community shelters and make preparations for evacuations from urban centers but keep it quiet. Don't want to start a panic. Push all intel to KST and allies and back their Valhalla op fully. We're not escalating, but we defend our patch.

Ministers nod; meeting wraps with assignments—papers shuffle, chairs scrape.

Caldwell lingers as others exit, pulls out his smartphone, dials his wife.

PM CALDWELL (CONT'D)

(voice low, strained)

Hey... just wanted to hear your voice. Things are... heavy here.

(pauses)

Honey, I need you do something and don't ask why.

His wife responds off-screen.

PM CALDWELL (CONT'D)

(calm urgency)

Pack some things and head to our summer house. Yes, the one we bought 40 k's North of Wairoa. Call the kids and have them meet you there. Tell them I love them, yeah? We'll get through.

He exhales, eyes moist, staring at the Treaty portrait on the wall.

Back at Christchurch KST, Elena, now determined with Xena-like energy, wearing tactical gear and a sidearm (Glock 17, Gen 5), enters the main ops room.

Elena glances around ops. Chloe, KST staff all working diligently.

Her gaze freezes on - Kahu's chair. His jacket still draped over it. A half-drunk latte on the desk, cold.

Her jaw tightens, eyes glistening.

Hana sits at another nearby computer terminal, looking around the room, not sure what to do.

Elena approaches, hands a set of KST credentials and a key card to Hana. She sets a clipboard down on the computer station.

HANA
What's this?

ELENA
(pained)
We need someone to take over for Kahu. Can you handle it?

HANA
Sure. They say I'm one of the best cyber-analysts in NZ. Got my smarts from you Mum.

Elena tries to smile, still hurting from Kahu's loss.

ELENA
Sign this, and you're ready to go.

Hana signs a security clearance.

Elena walks over to Chloe's station.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Chloe, did you find my father's location yet?"

CHLOE
Almost. I'm about to patch in Jack.

Jack and Tane are in the helicopter, getting closer to Queenstown.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(over comms)
Jack, I narrowed down Voss's location
somewhere North of Queenstown, in the
mountains. Sending it to you now.

A map appears on a tablet held by Jack.

JACK
Great work Chloe, we're heading there
now.

The same map appears on Chloe's monitor. Elena's eyes narrow
on the pinpointed area.

ELENA
(decisive)
Chloe get everything you need for an
on site hack. We're paying my father
a visit.

CHLOE
I have a recovery program running to
retrieve the Voss/Henderson data.
Who's going to run it if I'm not
here?

ELENA
My daughter Hana. She's assumed
Kahu's duties.

Chloe's glance briefly flickers to Kahu's empty chair.

ELENA (CONT'D)
She'll send the data to you when it's
ready.

Elena briefs the entire ops room as well as KST tactical
personnel and New Zealand military officers. They plan a
strike on "Valhalla."

ELENA (CONT'D)
Everyone, can I please have your
attention. We've reached the moment
our agency was created for; stopping
the gravest threat our country has
ever faced. Total annihilation. We
received word from the Prime
Minister's office that a Russian sub
has targeted our country. Our
nuclear free policy no longer
protects us. All of our largest
cities are now targets.

Panicked murmurs among KST personnel. Chloe and Hana exchange frightened glances.

ELENA (CONT'D)

There's a good possibility some of us may not come back from this mission but we have to do it. Aotearoa, our families and the world are counting on us to stop Gridfall. Let's show the world what Kiwi's are made of and do them proud. Let New Zealand make it's mark on history. Let them all know... we are here.

A round of applause from everyone in the room.

MILITARY OFFICER

All right you heard her. Let's go.

KST personnel go back to their stations, agents and military officers exit KST.

Before leaving, Chloe shows Hana the recovery program.

CHLOE

As soon as this recovers, send it to me on the chopper.

HANA

It's in good hands Chloe. Don't worry.

Chloe accompanies Elena as they walk out of ops and KST Christchurch.

Split screen:

- Jack and Tane flying in the chopper over the Southern Alps
- B-52 & B2 bombers flying to Fail-Safe points
- Prime Minister Caldwell in his office,
- President Hastings walking back to the Oval Office.

Elena and Chloe get into one of several choppers provided by the New Zealand military; NH90s and MH-60R Seahawks. Elena places the bloodied picture of Aroah in a vest pocket. Chloe checks her bag, making sure she has everything.

Other choppers are filled with KST and New Zealand SAS special forces personnel.

The choppers fly in formation toward Queenstown.

Cut to clock.

Hour 22 (3:00 AM - 4:00 AM)

Settings: Queenstown, Southern Alps, Oval Office (Washington DC), NH90 chopper

Plot: Jack Bauer, with flashlight in hand, and Tane following crawl through a narrow volcanic tunnel north of Queenstown. They're followed by two KST agents.

Damp moss covers the walls, faint geothermal steam hissing.

Iwi Scout, RONGO (Ngāi Tahu, 30s, ex-NZSAS, moko facial tattoo) leads, moving like the land itself.

JACK

(voice low, scanning)

We appreciate the intel. Lots of passages we didn't anticipate. We could've gotten lost. Thank you.

RONGO

(without turning, voice calm)

Iwi have lots of secrets about this land we don't share with outsiders... or Pākehā.

TANE

(smirking, crawling behind)

But you're making an exception for Jack.

RONGO

(pauses, eyes glinting in torchlight)

Yes. We heard what happened at the marae. The both of you protected it's mana, now we protect you.

JACK

(dry)

News travels fast among the iwi.

RONGO

(grinning, continues forward)

Ways of knowing, mate. Ways of knowing.

They press deeper.

At the White House NSA Director Bard scans through NSA intercepts of Gilmartin's activities based on his finances.

Data on the screen shows Gilmartin is in charge of a human sex trafficking network. Pictures of parties with young girls, rich clients and DC politicians.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(quiet to herself)
Oh, God.

Bard is shocked by the data, tears welling in her eyes, pictures of young victims, some with faces bruised, others in morgues.

Financial data linking Gilmartin to Voss also appears. She prints out data, compiling it to brief the President.

In an unoccupied room of the White House, Gilmartin stands alone, back against the wall, breathing hard.

Close on his phone as it vibrates once.
He looks down.

Screen lights up:

+64 number, origin; New Zealand.

Do it.
She's too close.
No future for her or her country.
— Odin

Split-screen:

— Gilmartin looking at his phone
— Bard compiling evidence.

His thumb hovers.

He deletes the message.

Pockets the phone.

He steps out into the mostly empty hall. He pulls a thin garotte wire made from lamp cord from his inside pocket, studies it, puts it back.

Outside Queenstown, Jack, Tane, Rongo and the KST agents exit a tunnel and encounter Harlan's mercs. They get in a fire fight in a deep, narrow mountain pass.

Jack, Tane and KST agents are pinned down. Rongo ducks behind a boulder.

A KST agent fires from behind a pile of rocks and is killed by a sniper.

Jack looks up and sees several rocks teetering precariously above the mercs position. He motions to Tane and the remaining KST agent to keep the mercs busy with random fire.

Jack stealthily rock climbs up the side of the pass. He gets in between a big rock and the pass wall and pushes with all of his might. The rock tumbles, triggering a rock slide that buries the mercs.

Tane finds an undamaged sat phone on one of the mercs. He plugs the phone into a satellite uplink so Chloe can remotely track the phone's past movements.

The data leads to an exact location of Harlan Voss's bunker.

In the Oval Office at the White House, President Hastings sits at his desk, looking at the updates from the Pentagon and NORAD regarding Russian deployments. DEFCON 2 is quietly displayed on the screen. A presidential aide steps in.

AIDE

Mr. President, the Secret Service Director is here to see you.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Send him in.

AARON PIERCE, Director and head of the US Secret Service, walks into the room, stands before President Hastings, his face etched with urgency.

AARON

Mr. President, Gridfall's Russian IPs now have NORAD at DEFCON 2. You need to board Air Force One and evacuate Washington—now.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Are the Vice President, Joint Chiefs and the Speaker of the House at secure locations?

AARON

Yes sir. Members of Congress are going to the bunker at Mount Weather. Please sir, leave for your own safety.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(standing, resolute)
I won't abandon the American people
in a time like this. They need to
know they're in good hands."

AARON
Mr. President...

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Aaron, I know you have great respect
for this office which is why you'll
accept my decision to stay. Your
loyalty proves you were the best pick
to lead the Secret Service.

He shakes Pierce's hand, clasping his other hand over it, a
gesture of trust.

AARON
(voice steady, emotional)
David Palmer would have been proud of
you, sir.

Hastings, visibly moved, nods, eyes glistening.

As Pierce turns to leave, he pauses:

AARON (CONT'D)
Godspeed, Mr. President.

The door shuts.

Hastings sits back down. He poignantly glances at a bust of
President Kennedy sitting on a nearby table. The plaque at
the bottom of the bust reads;

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can
do for your country."

Hastings, silent and somber, subtly nods in agreement.

North of Queenstown, five NZDF NH90 choppers approach the
bunker's location.

One chopper, piloted by Captain Rawiri (Māori SAS pilot,
clipped voice) carries Elena and Chloe.

Chloe uses the data uploaded from the Mercs sat phone to
pinpoint the bunker.

Split-screen: Hana and Chloe

HANA
(over comms)
Chloe?

CHLOE
Yes, Hana.

HANA
(at KST Christchurch)
The Voss/Henderson data from Tyrell's
drive just finished recovering.
Sending it to you now."

Back in the helicopter, Chloe receives the data on the laptop. Elena looks at it.

CHLOE
Thanks Hana.
(to Elena)
This is bigger than we thought.

Chloe and Elena glance at each other.

At the White House, NSA Director Gabby Bard is alone, printing the final Voss-cult/Gilmartin ledger pages for her briefing dossier.

Gilmartin quietly slips in behind her, locks the door, garotte wire in his hand.

Bard turns, startled.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Leonard.

He sees the human trafficking evidence against him on her desk. His ice cold predator eyes pierces her soul.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
Think you're going to take me down?

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(glaring)
It's over. The world will know what
you did. You're finished.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
That's my line.

He goes for the quick kill. He PUNCHES her, knocking her against a file cabinet, pulls the garrote from his pocket.

Bard reacts the way only a woman who spent six years flipping grown men on a Xena set can.

She grabs the three-bulb table lamp (exactly like a sai) from the desk, yanks the cord free, and in one fluid motion drives the brass base into Gilmartin's wrist as he tries to put the garrote around her neck.

The garrote wire falls to the carpet. Gilmartin lunges, grabs a fireplace poker.

Bard snatches the matching one from the stand (now she's dual-wielding like Gabrielle with sais).

Thirty seconds of pure, brutal, elegant violence:

Poker rings against poker like staffs.

Bard disarms him with a spinning block that would make a 1997 Lucy Lawless proud.

Gilmartin tackles her, gets her on the desk, wraps the lamp cord around her throat from behind.

Bard's face goes red.

Vision tunnels.

Then the door explodes inward.

Two Secret Service agents charge in, weapons raised.

Gilmartin's still choking her when they rip him off and slam him face-first into the Resolute Desk replica.

Gabby coughs, stands up slowly, straightens her jacket, and looks down at Gilmartin bleeding on the carpet.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(hoarse, but deadly calm)
You should've brought a chakram,
Leonard.

She nods to the agents.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD (CONT'D)
(rubbing her neck)
Time to see the President.

She walks out, cord marks red on her neck, already dialing Elena on the secure sat-phone. Voicemail response.

Outside the Queenstown bunker, Harlan's mercs ready several thermal guided quadcopter drones on platforms, each equipped with C-4 explosives that detonate on impact.

Split screen:

- Jack, Tane and KST team approaching the area
- The sounds of the choppers grow louder, their silhouettes appearing in the moonlit sky.
- Leonard Gilmartin being forcibly searched by the Secret Service.
- NSA Director Bard approaching the Oval Office, files and evidence in her hands
- President Hastings sitting quietly in the Oval Office, looking at family photos
- The drones launching.
- Mercs remotely piloting the drones with tablets.

The drones swoop in.

Elena and Chloe glance out the helicopter window, terrified, cringing, suddenly LIT UP by a bright orange glow.

Two NH90s detonate into fireballs over Lake Wakatipu; flaming debris rains.

Cut to hard clock.

Hour 23 (4:00 AM - 5:00 AM)

Settings: Queenstown, "Valhalla" bunker, Oval Office
(Washington DC), Kremlin (Moscow)

Plot: Jack, Tane see the explosions of the helicopters and
make their way toward the bunker.

In the NH90 carrying Elena and Chloe;

 ELENA
 (to Pilot)
 Take evasive action!

Captain Rawiri immediately flips a switch, presses a button
on the choppers controls.

 CAPTAIN RAWIRI
 Drones locked—flares out!

He banks sharply, deploying chaff to distract the drones.

 ELENA
 (fierce)
 Rawiri, get us down!

Chloe attempts to hack the drones from the chopper with her
laptop, using Gridfall's own code and the helicopter's anti-
drone defenses.

 CHLOE
 I need access to the anti-drone
 system!

Rawiri rapidly types a code into the choppers onboard
computer.

 CAPTAIN RAWIRI
 Done.

Chloe accesses the anti-drone system, grips her laptop.

 CHLOE
 Jamming their signal!

Chloe glances out the window seeing a drone coming straight
at her. She jams the drone and uses the laptop's touch pad
to change it's course.

The drone just misses the chopper, flying in the space
between the choppers main rotor and tail.

Chloe takes over the drone from her laptop, dogfights the
other drone and destroys both with a mid-air collision.

Both Elena and Chloe briefly smile at her success.

Jack and Tane arrive from the mountain pass and shoot the merc tablet operators.

Tane downs a drone pilot.

TANE

Kua mutu.

Three NH90s land, deploying ~30 SAS troops.

Split-screen:

– SAS scramble

– Fjord waters ripple with wreckage.

Elena and Chloe step out of the chopper. Jack and Tane approach as SAS troops form a perimeter around the bunker, facing a large, impenetrable blast door.

In the Oval Office, President Hastings stands behind the Resolute Desk, face carved from granite.

Gabby Bard stands to his left, arms folded, chakram pendant glinting under the lamps.

Hastings checks her.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

You all right?

Bard nods the affirmative.

Secret Service agents flank the doors. Gilmartin is marched in, still smug, until he sees the open folder on the desk: bank records, Voss-cult ledgers, satellite photos of his yacht Erebus anchored off a private Fijian harbor, human trafficking evidence.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)

(ice-cold)

Leonard. Sit down.

Gilmartin sits. The smirk dies.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)

A few hours ago, Chloe O'Brian and Director Voss transmitted this from New Zealand.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Your blind trust received nine payments from Harlan Voss—total forty-two million dollars—timed to every escalation you pushed today. You manipulated this office and worst of all you manipulated me.

(pause)

Tell me why you sold out the world for a boat ride.

Gilmartin opens his mouth. Nothing comes out.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD

(stepping forward, voice soft Texas steel)

We also have the flight plan you filed under a shell corporation. Nadi, Fiji. Runway 26. Departure window 6:40 this morning.; You were gonna watch the bombs fall from a sundeck with a mai tai in your hand.

She leans in, close enough for him to smell the coffee on her breath.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD (CONT'D)

But see, Leonard...if those bombs drop, there won't be a world left to sail to. So, you're staying right here with the rest of us mortals. A front-row seat to the apocalypse.

Gilmartin finally finds his voice—high, panicked.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN

This is insane! You can't keep me here!

Hastings nods to the agents.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Leonard Gilmartin, you are under arrest for treason against the United States, conspiracy to commit genocide, human trafficking and the attempted murder of NSA Director Bard.

(to Secret Service)

Take him.

The agents move. Gilmartin struggles, jacket ripping, shoes squeaking on the carpet.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(screaming now)
You can't do this! You need me!
You'll all die without--"

Bard grabs Gilmartin's face by the jaw.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(vindicated sarcasm)
Enjoy the show.

She ejects him from her grip with disdain. Gilmartin panics further as he's dragged away like garbage.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR GILMARTIN
(voice cracks)
No! Nooooo! Let me go!

Gilmartin cries like a bitch as he's pulled through the door.

Gabby turns to the President, perfectly calm.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
He's wrong about needing him sir.
We've got Elena Voss. And she's worth
millions of him."

Door SLAMS.

Silence.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Gabby, will you fill in as National
Security Advisor until this crisis is
over?

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Of course Mr. President. How are we
going to de-escalate this mess
Leonard and Voss created?

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Depends on the Russian response and
what Jack Bauer finds in New Zealand.
That being said, so many pieces are
in motion now that we may have to go
through with this after all.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Hope it's resolved soon or none of us
will be here.
(pause).

(MORE)

NSA DIRECTOR BARD (CONT'D)
I have to get a couple of things from
my office.

Hastings nods. Bard steps outside the Oval Office, walks
the hall.

She finally allows herself the smallest Gabrielle-type
smile. She pulls a pendant necklace from her blouse, a
small chakram similar to Elena's, looks at it.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD (CONT'D)
(whispers to herself)
Scroll's delivered, old friend.

Outside the Queenstown bunker, Elena watches as Chloe, on
the NH90's ramp, tethers the merc's sat phone to her laptop.

Elena's phone BUZZES; a text message;

– "Gilmartin neutralized. POTUS safe. Xoxo. -Gab"

Elena breathes a sigh of relief, lightly touching her
chakram pendant.

Chloe decrypts Harlan's crypto files, revealing a blueprint
for the bunker.

JACK
What are our options for getting in
there?

CHLOE
Won't be possible to get through the
main door.

ELENA
Can't the military just blow it open?

CHLOE
It's a 50 ton, NORAD grade blast
door. Designed to withstand a
nuclear explosion.

Jack points at the schematic to a long slender tunnel shaped
section leading out a rocky outcropping three hundred feet
up the side of the mountain.

JACK
That looks like the main ventilation
shaft.

CHLOE

It is. Three feet wide with a HEPA filter and power line controlled fan blocking the way. I can hack it with the data from the Mercs sat phone. They're both tied into Harlan's computer system.

JACK

(to Tane)

That's our way in.

TANE

Like tūpuna caves—tight but doable.

Hana messages Elena over comms from Christchurch.

HANA

(nervous, faltering)

Mum?"

ELENA

Yes, Hana. What's wrong?

HANA

We just got word that American bombers have left their Fail-Safe points. They're going to bomb Russia.

Jack, Tane, Chloe, Elena all look at each other, various states of disbelief, shock.

JACK

(firm, to Captain Rawiri)

We need to get up there,

(pointing to rocky outcropping)

right now.

CAPTAIN RAWIRI

SAS has your six, Bauer.

In the Oval Office, Hastings sits at his desk, the nuclear football (a black briefcase) open before him, glowing with encrypted codes.

Inside: the Biscuit—a laminated card with his personal authentication codes—and the Black Book, a cryptic binder of preset nuclear launch options from OPLAN 8010, detailing targets and delivery systems. A hardened laptop device (keyboard, touchscreen, biometric palm scanner) links to satellite feeds, ready for command.

A secure monitor shows U.S. bombers veering from Fail-Safe points toward Russian airspace, tracked by NORAD.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Mr. President, bombers are advancing—
one hour from Russian borders.
Moscow's Tu-95s are airborne,
mirroring our moves

Hastings, sweat beading, grips the desk.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
World War III's on our doorstep.
Where's Bauer's proof on Voss?

Bard checks her phone, sees a text message from Elena.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
KST reports Jack's team are at Voss's
location outside Queenstown—they've
got intel, but it's not confirmed.
They're breaching the bunker.

In Moscow, a Russian general opens their nuclear football, codes ready, as Kremlin monitors flash U.S. bomber paths. President Volkov watches, tense.

Jack and Tane rappel down from an NH90 helicopter, both with bags slung around their shoulders to the rocky outcropping.

They find a camouflaged grate. Jack pulls a pry bar from his bag and bends the grate out along it's side, forming a crack.

Tane hands Jack a small, military grade plasma torch to melt bolts holding the grate. Jack has Tane hold back the grate as he cuts more bolts. The grate bends back far enough for Jack and Tane to enter the ventilation shaft.

Harlan is inside the bunker watching security camera footage of the choppers and military personnel outside. He orders his remaining Mercs to guard the bunker with their lives.

Jack and Tane crawl through the shaft until they reach a large HEPA/Radiation filter blocking their way.

Jack uses a KST issue titanium steel blade to cut through the filter. He pulls chunks away, handing them off to Tane.

Outside Chloe readies her hack with the laptop.

CHLOE
The hack's set Jack. Anytime you're ready.

JACK
(grunting, chopping at the filter)
Understood. Almost there.

Jack breaks through the filter.

The fan spins five feet ahead.

Jack expands the hole in the filter and crawls through.

JACK (CONT'D)
(over comms)
Hack the fan Chloe.

Chloe activates the sat phone hack:

CHLOE
PLC's encrypted—working it!

The hack falters (Harlan's lockout).

JACK
(over comms)
Chloe, we're running out of time.

CHLOE
Harlan upgraded his security
protocols when we arrived. Sorry,
Jack.

JACK
(muttering to himself, low)
Son of a bitch.
(to Chloe)
It's OK, Chloe, I got another way.

Jack wedges his titanium blade between the fan blades and shaft wall, grinding it to a halt, sparks erupting. The motor hums and smokes.

Harlan, watching the activity outside via security cams, looks for signs of Jack.

HARLAN VOSS
(muttering)
Where are you Bauer?

A light silently flashes on a control panel indicating ventilation error. Harlan, distracted by the activity outside, misses it.

Jack and Tane slip past the fan with their bags. Jack pulls the knife from the fan. It resumes.

The ventilation error light shuts off.

Jack and Tane reach the back side of a first floor server room, they inch behind the servers, careful not to snag on any cables or wires.

Jack uses a smaller knife to jimmy open a panel from the back side. He peeks out, spotting a merc. Jack hand signals to Tane there's one merc in the room.

Jack crawls out from behind the panel, server fan noise masking his movement sounds. He clasps his hand on the mercs mouth, knifing him in the brain from behind.

A guard in another room on the first level sees the commotion, sounds the alarm. Jack shoots him.

Merces (M4 rifles) open fire from a catwalk; Jack returns fire with a Glock killing two of the merces, Tane disarms a merc with his taiaha. Bullets ricochet, servers spark.

Jack and Tane dive behind furniture as Voss and his last merc shoots at them from the second level.

Jack returns fire, one bullet hits Voss in the arm, a second shatters the figurine of Mimir (Norse god of wisdom and knowledge) hanging on the wall next to the server room entrance. Glass shards impact Voss's right eye. He falls, drops his gun, clutching his eye.

Tane shoots the other merc center mass. The merc falls down dead.

Jack runs up the stairs to disarm Voss.

Voss reaches for the gun, Jack kicks it away.

JACK

Tane. Find the controls for the door.

TANE

On it.

Tane notices the door has a biometric handprint lock and a keycard. He grabs one of the dead merces, finds a keycard, removes the merc's glove. He swipes the keycard and places the merc's deceased hand on the palm scanner. The door opens.

Outside Elena rallies everyone outside to go in. Chloe follows, carrying her laptop and a bag.

Jack still pointing the gun at Voss.

JACK

We've got a lot to talk about.

Voss sits on a couch in the second floor server room, an arrogant sneer on his face.

A New Zealand military medic wraps gauze around his arm, tending to his gunshot wound. A gauze patch covers Voss's right eye.

Chloe, at the Gridfall console, plugs her laptop into it, the screen showing a code analysis program parsing encrypted data (lines scrolling, anomalies highlighted).

Jack stands nearby, tense. Elena lingers in the shadows, eyes torn between duty and dread.

JACK (CONT'D)

(urgent)

Chloe, can you shut down Gridfall?

CHLOE

(typing, exasperated)

The code's locked tight—military-grade encryption. But I'm seeing patterns in the subroutines, like a backdoor or shutdown protocol. There's probably a kill code buried in here, a command string to shut down the high altitude drones and grid attacks.

JACK

(pressing)

Can you crack it?

CHLOE

(focused, glancing at screen): "I'm running a checksum scan but it's slow—Voss built this to resist. He's probably the only one who knows the exact string.

Jack turns, Voss's sneer widens. Jack pulls out a knife, its blade glinting, and steps toward the couch.

HARLAN VOSS

(taunting)

You're wasting time, Bauer. Gridfall's my Yggdrasil—unbreakable. You think that knife will make me talk?

JACK

Depends if you value your life.

HARLAN VOSS

Some things are more important. If this is the best you can do, you've already failed. Just like in your life.

Jack locks eyes with Voss.

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)

Yes, I've seen your file. Everyone close to you dies; because of you.

Jack lunges, puts the blade to Voss's throat. Elena's eyes widen.

ELENA

Jack.

JACK

(growling in Voss's face)
Gridfall—where'd it come from?
Billions of people are going to die because of you. Give me the kill code or you're done.

HARLAN VOSS

(laughing softly, left eye glinting)
You think you can stop this, Bauer? Gridfall's been growing for decades, roots deeper than you'll ever cut. You're chasing ghosts—again.

JACK

(pressing blade, drawing blood)
How do I shut it down? Who built it? Names! Talk!

HARLAN VOSS

(taunting, leaning into the blade):
"You want names? I financed the levers you broke over the years. Victor Drazen—his assassination attempts on Palmer? My money. Peter Kingsley's oil wars? My accounts. Stephen Saunders, Habib Marwan—those bio-weapons, that nuke? I paid for their chaos. Christopher Henderson, Charles Logan—Palmer's assassination, nerve gas? My investments.

(MORE)

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)

Graem and Philip Bauer, Jonas Hodges, Alan Wilson, Yuri Suvarov, Cheng Zhi—they pulled the triggers, Jack, but I was the bank.

ELENA

(stepping forward, voice trembling)
You're lying.

HARLAN VOSS

(turning to Elena, smirking): "Oh, Elena, my dear. You think you know power? Gridfall was my vision—cyber Ragnarök, collapsing grids, nations, all of it.

(to Jack)

I funded all of your enemies, Jack; to break the world so I could rebuild it.

JACK

(snarling)

No one's that big.

CHLOE

(at console, urgent)

It's true, Jack. Gridfall's patterns match Voss and Henderson's transactions. I found this.

She types, pulling up a flowchart on her laptop, linking Voss's accounts to Drazen (Season 1), Kingsley (Season 2), Saunders (Season 3), Marwan (Season 4), Henderson/Logan (Season 5), Graem & Phillip Bauer (Season 6), Hodges & Wilson (Season 7), Yuri Suvarov (Season 8), Cheng Zhi (Season 9).

Harlan's eyes drift to the small picture frame situated on the computer console in front of Chloe-Morris and Prescott, smiling.

HARLAN VOSS

(coldly amused)

Very good, Miss O'Brian. Too bad about Morris and Prescott.

CHLOE

(freezing)

What?

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)
(smirking wider)
You were supposed to be in that car.
You got too close to one of my
operations.

CHLOE
(voice breaking)
You... you killed them?

HARLAN VOSS
Yes. My operatives faked the police
report to make it look like an
accident.

CHLOE
(to Jack)
Jack, you told me Adrian Cross made
up the story about the report.

Jack glances apologetically to Chloe, then hard glance to
Voss.

HARLAN VOSS
Who do you think paid Cross to say
that?

Chloe's dumbfounded shock turns to anger.

HARLAN VOSS (CONT'D)
(cruelly)
Your husband and child died slow, in
agony.

Jack sees the pain building in Chloe.

JACK
(points to Voss)
Shut up!

ELENA
(to Voss)
Dad! Leave her alone!

Chloe's face twists with shaking fury.

HARLAN VOSS
They suffered because you couldn't
stay out of my way.

Chloe explodes with rage, lunges toward him, fists clenched.

CHLOE
(screaming)
YOU BASTARD!

Jack grabs her, pulling her back.

JACK
(firm, holding her)
Chloe! Chloe! He's distracting you.
He's doing everything possible to
make sure Gridfall happens.

CHLOE
(sobbing, collapsing into Jack)
Morris... Prescott...

JACK
(hugging her tightly, voice soft)
I know. I know.

Elena, eyes blazing, approaches Voss, SLAPS his face.

Voss snarls, shakes it off.

ELENA
(livid, in his face)
You always destroy everything.

Harlan meets her gaze, unflinching, a flicker of pride in his cruelty.

JACK
(to Elena, steady)
Elena, help Tane search through your
father's things. The kill switch is
here somewhere. He's hiding it.

Elena, fuming, storms out, joining Tane to rummage through Harlan's belongings.

As she walks out of the room, she pulls the photo of Aroha from her vest, stares at it, then slides it back. She glances back at Voss disdainfully.

Jack continues to hug Chloe.

The scene shifts to the Oval Office at the White House.

President Hastings, face grim, sits behind his desk as a military general, GENERAL KESSLER, briefs him on using the nuclear football and points out every detail.

GENERAL KESSLER
Mr. President, the Biscuit is live.
Your personal codes.
(he hands the keycard to Hastings)
The Black Book—OPLAN 8010 strike
packages.
(sets the Black Book on the desk)
Palm scan on the command laptop.
(points to screen)
Six minutes to launch.
DEFCON 1 is imminent if Gridfall's
Russian IPs are confirmed.

Hastings grips the desk.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Is Volkov going through this in
Moscow right now?

Split-screen:

- President Hastings pensive
- Jack torturing Voss
- Hana at KST Christchurch
- Prime Minister Caldwell in his office looking at a picture of his wife and picks up the phone
- Elena and Tane searching through Voss's things
- Chloe intensely focused on Gridfall
- President Volkov sitting at a table in Moscow's Kremlin Command Center.

Russian President Volkov, flanked by advisors, stares at his own nuclear football (the Cheget briefcase), opened by a Russian general.

RUSSIAN GENERAL
Comrade President, the US bombers are
approaching. Our launch codes are
ready—your orders?

Volkov, jaw tight, replies;

PRESIDENT VOLKOV
If Hastings moves first, we have no
choice.

Cut to clock.

Hour 24 (5:00 AM - 6:00 AM)

Settings: Queenstown "Valhalla" bunker, Oval Office
(Washington DC), Kremlin (Moscow)

Plot: Jack continues to torture Voss, who refuses to break.

HARLAN VOSS
I was British SAS. Your methods
don't work on me, Bauer.

Elena returns to the room.

JACK
Why do you want watch the world burn?

HARLAN VOSS
It keeps me warm.

Elena, disgusted by her father's behavior approaches him.

ELENA
What happened to you? What happened
to the father who raised me and read
me bedtime stories, gave me ice cream
to cheer me up, came to my dance
recitals, gave me away at my wedding?
You weren't the same after mum died.
Was that it?

HARLAN VOSS
It was Pragmatism. Death puts a very
sharp point on your focus.
Everything becomes a means to an end.

Elena angrily pulls the bloodied picture of Aroah from her
vest, holds it up to him.

ELENA
Like this?

Voss derisively sneers, turns away.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Look at her. Look at her! This
little girl has no father because of
you!

Jack sees things intensifying.

HARLAN VOSS
When Gridfall succeeds, she'll soon
join him.

Elena slowly recoils with simmering volcanic anger boiling over.

In a blur, she draws her Glock and SHOOTS Voss above the right kneecap, SCREAMING simultaneously.

Voss SCREAMS in pain.

ELENA
(yelling)
You're not my father! You killed him
you son of a bitch!

She furiously aims at Voss's face, trying to pull the trigger but can't. Her "Sarah Connor" moment.

Jack gets between Elena and Voss. Tane approaches Elena, ready to tackle her.

Jack motions to Tane to stay.

JACK
Elena, we need him to get the code to
deactivate Gridfall. Give me the
gun, Elena.

Elena pauses, confused, shaking, tears welling.

JACK (CONT'D)
Elena, please. I know what you're
feeling right now. I've been there.
Please give me the gun.

She nods, cautiously hands the gun to Jack.

Jack offers a hug. She gestures no, stumbles over to a table, plops in a chair and buries her head in her hands, ashamed and embarrassed she lost her composure.

JACK (CONT'D)
Tane give me a router cable!

Tane runs to a table, grabs a router cable and throws it to Jack. He uses it as a tourniquet on Voss's leg.

Chloe continues working on Gridfall, doing her best to ignore Voss.

JACK (CONT'D)
Your money killed a lot of good
people, friends of mine. David
Palmer died because of you. My
wife...
(trailing off)

Voss eyes Jack, thinking he manipulated him.

Jack stands by a table, sees a tray that had food on it. He focuses on a salt shaker. He picks it up.

HARLAN VOSS

(taunts)

And now the world. Nuclear or conventional, I win—empires are built on chaos.

Jack looks around at the Nordic artifacts, runes, a statue of Idunn and a tree with golden apples.

JACK

With all of this symbolism and calling yourself 'Odin', you think you're a god?

HARLAN VOSS

(chuckles)

I soon will be.

Jack calmly approaches with the salt shaker, breaks the top off.

JACK

Yeah. I'm your god now.

Jack dumps all of the salt into Voss's open bullet wound. Voss SCREAMS in pain, Chloe's startled and Elena winces at the sight.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's the kill code!

Voss, through rage and pain, taunts Jack further.

HARLAN VOSS

Whatever happens, destroying and ruining your life was worth it. I was the pain in your world.

Jack grabs Voss by the throat, angrily gets in his face.

JACK

You have no idea what pain is.

Jack jams the top of the broken salt shaker into the wound. Voss SCREAMS again. Elena watches in horror.

Back at the Oval Office, President Hastings, NSA Director Bard and an Air Force General monitor America's B2 and B-52 bombers approaching Russian airspace.

Split-screen:

— Cockpit POV of a B-2 Spirit or B-52 flight — pilots in NVGs, HUD showing Russian airspace boundary, radio chatter calm but tense:

PILOT
(comms, flat)
Angel Flight, approaching Fail-Safe
termination. Awaiting final
authentication.

— Oval Office — President Hastings stands rigid behind the Resolute Desk.

NSA Director Bard and an Air Force General flank a large monitor showing NORAD tracks: red bomber icons inching toward Russian border.

GENERAL
(urgent, pointing)
Sir, twenty minutes to Russian ADIZ.
Crossing without abort triggers
first-strike protocol.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(voice tight, chakram pendant
visible)
Mr. President — give Bauer time.
We're gambling the world on
incomplete intel.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(eyes on the screen, hand hovering
near the football)
Time's what we're out of.

GENERAL
Recommend full scramble sir.

Hastings briefly closes his eyes.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(resigned)
Do it.

Bard looks crestfallen.

At Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska, bomber crews sprint out of approaching vehicles, lights flashing.

Ladders clang as they climb into B-52's. Engines spool, warming up.

At the Valhalla Bunker, Jack talks to Chloe.

JACK
What's the current situation?

Split-screen:

CHLOE
Bombers are taking off from multiple
US bases.

- B-52's taking off from Offutt AFB.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
The others are still approaching
Russia.

- B2's and B-52's flying over the ocean.

- Chloe busily types.

- Jack watches the screen

- Voss eyeing Jack and Chloe from the background.

JACK
How soon can you crack the kill code?

CHLOE
This software will take days to crack
it. We only have fifteen minutes
before American bombers cross into
Russian airspace.

Voss recovers from his torture enough to make a decision.
He quietly forces himself up while Jack is distracted and
slowly moves toward the server room entrance.

Jack glances over his shoulder. Harlan's gone from the
couch. He's one third of the way across the room.

JACK
What are doing?

HARLAN VOSS
Learning the secrets of the runes,
Jack.

He limp runs as fast as he can toward the balcony
overlooking the dining area below the 2nd floor server room.

JACK
No! No!

Jack runs trying to stop him, he almost grabs Voss but he slips free.

Voss rushes past Elena returning to the room.

He flings himself over the railing with a grunt.

Tane on the first floor watches in shock as Voss lands on the glass statue of Odin on the glass dining table, his legs tangled in the Yggdrasil tree. The statue and table glass SHATTER with a loud crescendo.

JACK (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOO!

Elena, hand to her face, shrieks, goes into shock. Jack runs down the stairs to the table.

Voss hangs upside down from the Yggdrasil tree, left foot caught in tree fork, right leg crossed 90 degrees over left leg, empty left eye, a perverse, blood stained grin on his face, Odin's bloody glass spear poking through his chest.

Voss literally becomes Odin. His final "fuck you" to the world.

Jack explodes in rage at macabre spectacle.

JACK (CONT'D)

DAMMIT!

At the Beehive, PM Simon Caldwell sits alone in his office, NZ flag behind.

AIDE

(rushing in, adamant):
Sir - ODSEC has greenlit COG-Bravo.
Cabinet's evacuating to Gisborne
district bunker, Eastern North
Island. Choppers on the pad now.

PM CALDWELL

(voice flat)

Gisborne? That's iwi land. They're
giving us their whenua... again.

AIDE

The Americans are about to totally
commit. When the Russian sub in the
Tasman fires, we have maybe three
minutes.

PM CALDWELL

I'm not going.

AIDE

But sir.

PM CALDWELL

No one can truly hide from this. Go.
Try to save yourself. My fate is
with the people of New Zealand.

The aide reluctantly leaves.

Caldwell opens his desk drawer. He takes out a glass and a
bottle of New Zealand's finest wine. He pours a drink.

He turns in his chair to a Waitangi Treaty painting and
makes a toast.

PM CALDWELL (CONT'D)

It was an honor.

In the Valhalla bunker's first level, Harlan's body lies on
the cold floor, covered by a white sheet after Jack and Tane
got him down from the Yggdrasil tree. Blood seeps through
the sheet.

On the second-floor balcony overlooking the room, Elena sits
alone, legs curled, staring at the sheet-covered body.

Tears streak her face, her eyes hollow with anguish.

ELENA

(whispers, broken)

Daddy...

Jack climbs the metal steps to the balcony. He pauses,
seeing Elena's pain, and softens.

JACK

(gentle)

Elena, I'm sorry.

Elena's gaze doesn't leave the body, her voice a whisper:

ELENA

He was a monster... but he was my
father.

Jack kneels beside her, placing a hand on her shoulder.

JACK

You're not him. That's your strength.

Elena looks Jack in the eyes, nods faintly.

Jack helps her stand, guiding her back into the server room toward the team.

In "Valhalla's" control room, screens show NORAD bombers closing in on Russia; Russian MiGs mobilize.

Split-screen:

— In the Oval Office, President Hastings stands over the nuclear football.

— A touchscreen glows with a final confirmation code prompt.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(sweat beading, voice low)
God help us.

He types the last digits-7-4-9-2-his hand trembling.

A green "AUTHENTICATE" button pulses. He places his palm on a biometric scanner, the device whirring as it verifies his handprint.

A NORAD feed shows B-2 bombers 5 minutes from Russian airspace, red dots blinking.

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
(urgent, stressed)
Sir, confirm the strike order—
Russia's codes are active.

Simultaneously, in a Moscow Kremlin bunker, President Volkov, steely-eyed, faces his Russian nuclear football-the Cheget briefcase—a rugged black case with Cyrillic labels.

He enters the final code-8-3-5-6-on a keypad, jaw clenched.

A keycard slot glows red; Volkov inserts a metallic card, twisting it with a click. Monitors show Tu-95 bombers nearing NATO borders.

RUSSIAN GENERAL
(in Russian, subtitled)
Comrade President, U.S. bombers are
closing.

Volkov's hand is poised over a "CONFIRM" button, hand slightly trembling.

Split-screen:

WHITE HOUSE

Black Book next to Hastings' nuclear football.

TACAMO (Looking Glass) 1

General opens duplicate black book, inserts key in control panel, turns, transmits code.

TACAMO (Looking Glass) 2

Second General opens identical book, inserts key, turns, transmits code.

NORTH DAKOTA

Silo doors snap open in US.

KREMLIN

Cheget briefcase indicator blinks red

IL-80 PLANE OVER RUSSIA

A Russian General inserts a key, turns, transmits code.

RUSSIAN SILOS - KOZELSK

Silo doors snap open in Russia.

Back at the Valhalla bunker;

CHLOE

(unbelieving)

America's at DEFCON 1. Satellites confirm silo doors opening in North Dakota, Montana, Wyoming—Minuteman IIIs prepped, launch in two minutes. Russian Yars silos show infrared signatures—same countdown.

JACK

This can't be happening.

Jack angrily flips over a table, starts smashing items on the floor as hard as he can.

JACK (CONT'D)

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

He sits down puts his head in his hands, despair setting in.

JACK (CONT'D)

(low, to himself)

Kim, Teri, I'm so sorry.

He shuts his eyes, grimacing, holding back the building grief. Tears run down Jack's cheeks. Elena puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder. Jack wipes the tears with the palms of both hands.

JACK (CONT'D)
We missed something.

Tane looks around the room at all of the Norse inspired decorations.

TANE
his whole day's been centered around
Voss's obsession with Norse
mythology. It has to be a clue.

CHLOE
Maybe there's something about
restoring power. That's what the
kill code does.

Elena glances around the room, sees the statue of Idunn and the replica tree of golden apples.

ELENA
Golden Apples.

JACK
What?

ELENA
Golden Apples can heal and can
restore power to those who lost it.
My father read me those stories when
I was a child.

Jack glances at the replica tree, marches over to it with renewed purpose.

Timer counts down on the computer screen.

CHLOE
Forty five seconds until Gridfall
succeeds.

Jack rips a golden apple from the tree, SMASHES it, nothing.

Jack tears off a second apple more desperate, SMASHES it, nothing.

He tears off the third apple, FURIOUSLY SMASHES it revealing a small plastic wafer case with something inside.

Split-screen: Jack holding the wafer, Flashback (Hour 9) of Voss hiding the wafer in the apple.

JACK
(tossing wafer to Chloe)
Chloe!

Chloe catches it, opens it to reveal a piece of plastic embossed with a pattern.

CHLOE
It's a QR code!

Chloe quickly grabs her phone, almost fumbling it, opens a QR app and scans.

"Ragnarok2025"

Chloe hurriedly types in the code, the timer counting down, 3, 2, 1.

Chloe hits enter at the "0:00:00" mark.

With bated breath, Jack, Chloe, Tane and Elena watch the screens.

SPLIT-SCREEN:

Countdown: T-90 seconds.

US SILO - NORTH DAKOTA

OFFICER 1
(flat)
Authenticate: Whiskey-Xray-Niner.

Safe opens. Two red keys slide out.

OFFICER 2
Keys on my mark... turn.

Keys rotate halfway-click.

RUSSIAN SILO - KOZELSK

OFFICER 1
Код подтверждён.

Safe opens. Two red keys.

OFFICER 2
Поворот по команде... сейчас.

Keys rotate halfway-click.

TACAMO 1 (U.S.)

GENERAL 1
EAM received. Launch on mark.

TACAMO 2 (U.S.)

GENERAL 2
Mark.

IL-80 (Russia)

RUSSIAN COMMANDER
Заказ Чегета подтвержден

Seven keys locked at half-turn. Countdown: T-87 seconds.

Three-way Split Screen: The nuclear football and Cheget
briefcase's timers continue ticking: 87 seconds to launch.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
(whispering)
This can't be the end.

Volkov
(stoic)
For Russia.

PM Caldwell sits alone at his oak desk in the Beehive, head
bowed, hands clasped in silent prayer, tears streaking down
his cheeks.

Fingers hover—Hastings on the scanner, Volkov on the button.

Split Screens:

PENTAGON - NMCC (National Military Command Center)

A General watches live time data—Gridfall dismantles,
collapses, Russian IP ruse exposed.

NMCC GENERAL
(comms to White House)
Gridfall's a fake! Russian signatures
spoofed. Alert Moscow!

WHITE HOUSE

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
NMCC confirms. Gridfall's a hoax!

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
Authorize abort. Notify Russia. Now!

Technician transmits "Whiskey-Xray-Niner-Abort" to TACAMO.

KREMLIN

VOLKOV
(steely)
Naryshkin, confirm this data.

NARYSHKIN
Valhalla intel matches U.S. abort.
False flag confirmed.

Volkov inserts keycard, types "Delta-Charlie-Abort".

Code transmits via Cheget.

VAHALLA BUNKER

Screens flash—EAM floods.

CHLOE
(urgent)
EAM broadcasting—launch abort in
progress! Similar signal being sent
in Russia!

WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT HASTINGS
How much time?!

NSA DIRECTOR BARD
Fifty seconds. If it hits 30,
there's no pulling it back!

Split Screens:

TACAMO 1 (U.S.)

GENERAL 1
EAM from NMCC. Abort code
authenticated.

TACAMO 2 (U.S.)

GENERAL 2
Confirmed. Broadcast.

VLFF signal to U.S. silos.

IL-80 (Russia)

COMMANDER
Приказ Чегет: Дельта-Чарли-Отбой.
Передайте в шахты.

HF signal pulses to Kozelsk.

US SILO - NORTH DAKOTA

OFFICER 1
Authenticate: Whiskey-Xray-Niner-
Abort.

Keys half-turned.

OFFICER 2
Verified.

Keys withdrawn.

Countdown freezes at T-31.

RUSSIAN SILO - KOZELSK

OFFICER 1
Код отмены: Дельта-Чарли-Аборт

OFFICER 2
Подтверждено. Ключи назад.

Keys withdrawn.

Same freeze. T-31.

Silence.

After a delay, US bombers begin turning around from Russian airspace on the "Valhalla" bunker screens. The other screens show Gridfall shutting down.

CHLOE
(relieved)
American and Russian nuclear forces
are standing down. Gridfall's
deactivating. The drone network too.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief, Jack shuts his eyes, grateful.

Chloe, tears of happiness, looks at Morris and Prescott's pictures.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(quiet)
For you.

Elena hugs Tane, both overcome with emotion.

Later outside the bunker, the Sun is rising in the East

Jack, Tane, Elena, and Chloe stand before an NH90 helicopter, its back passenger area set up with a monitor displaying a split-screen video call with PM Simon Caldwell (Beehive, NZ flag, pou carving) and US President Brian Hastings (Oval Office, US flag).

PM CALDWELL
(warm but commanding)
Elena, Jack, Tane, Chloe—you're
bloody legends. You've saved New
Zealand and the world from a
nightmare. On behalf of all Kiwis,
I'm honored to announce you'll each
receive the New Zealand Order of
Merit, as Knight and Dame Grand
Companions, our highest honor, for
your extraordinary bravery. You've
done us proud.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS 1
(authoritative, warm)
And from the United States, you'll all receive the
Presidential Medal of Freedom for averting this crisis.
Especially you, Chloe.

CHLOE
(smiling, awkward)
Thank you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

Oh, and Jack.

JACK

Yes, sir?

PRESIDENT HASTINGS

President Volkov's granting you a full pardon for all past crimes. You don't have to hide from the Russians anymore. You're a free man.

JACK

(quietly moved)

Thank you, sir.

The call ends. Elena hugs Jack, a subtle flirtatious spark in her eyes.

ELENA

If you ever come back to NZ, Jack, give me a call.

JACK

(smirking)

Might just do that, Elena.

Elena walks to a waiting helicopter, looking back at Jack, smiling.

Chloe hugs Jack tightly.

CHLOE

I'm heading to Christchurch with Elena. Take care of yourself, Jack.

JACK

You too, Chloe. Stay sharp.

Chloe follows Elena.

Tane steps forward, facing Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Take care, Tane. We made a good team.

Jack shakes his hand.

TANE

(nodding)

Yes, we all made sure the world saw another day. Iwi, Pakeha, KST, Chloe, Elena, You.

Tane gently grabs Jack by the shoulder.

TANE (CONT'D)
One warrior to another.

Tane presses his forehead to Jack's in a hongi for a few seconds, a Maori greeting. Jack closes his eyes, receiving it. Tane pulls back.

TANE (CONT'D)
Ka Kite, Jack.

Jack nods.

Tane joins Elena and Chloe in the NH90. The chopper takes off, rotors echoing in the Alps.

Jack climbs a nearby rock outcropping, facing the rising sun.

Sun rays peek through mountain passes of the Southern Alps.

Jack smiles for the first time in years.

Clock ticks to 6:00:00 AM.

Fade to black.